MRS. DOUBTFIRE * SEINFELD

CRACKED®

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CANADA/
FOREIGN

#290
JULY '94

RRRRIIIIP!

WE SHRED

MIGHTY MORON POWER RANGERS

SEVERIN

OH MY LORD! TAKE OFF ALL YOUR CLOTHES AND WILDLY DANCE AROUND YOUR HOUSE IN FEVERISH CELEBRATION!!! IT'S AN AMAZING, TOTALLY INCREDIBLE, ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME OFFER!! 2 MAGAZINES FOR ONLY 7 CENTS!!!

APRIL FOOL!

ON SALE NOW AT YOUR NEWSSTAND—NO FOOLING!

CRACKED

441 Lexington Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10017

JUL. '94/#290

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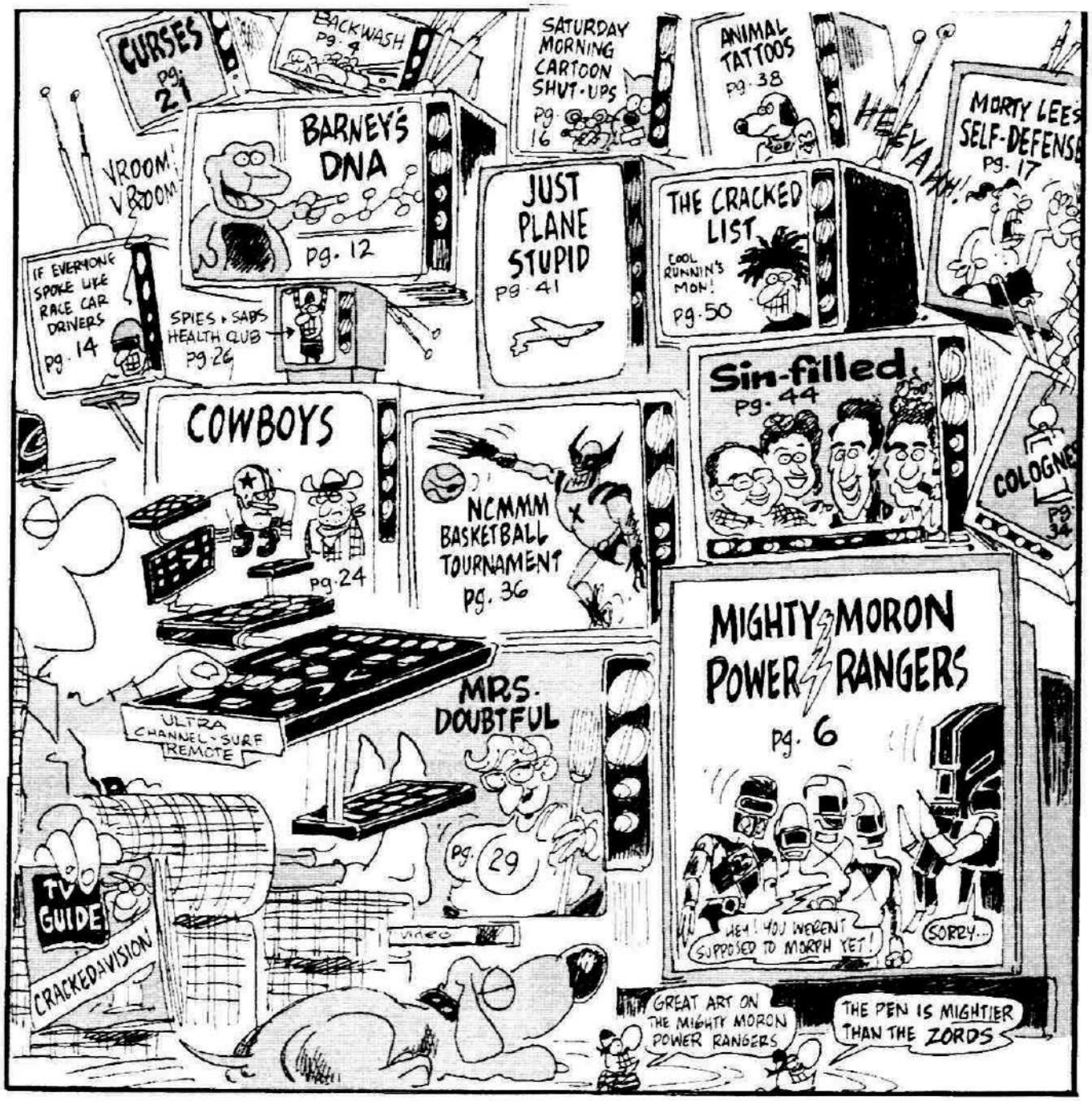
JEFF WONG, back cover



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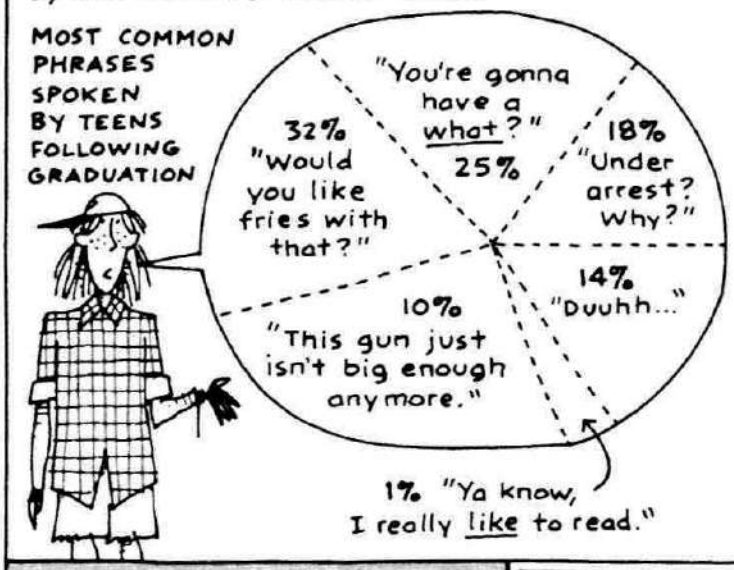
BACK

ZITBERRY PIE CHART

By Eric Bohlen & Andrew Hansen



Now that the Winter Olympics have ended, preparations for the 1996 Summer Olympics have begun. Above, American Chess Team Captain, Elmore Snotnose, 62, takes his opponent's knight as the American Chess Team wiped out Madison Kindergarten 125-0. Way to go, American Chess Team!

SEVEN SIGNS THAT YOU'RE PORTLY

- A new McDonald's franchise opens up in your den.
- Horses bolt like mad when they see you approaching.
- When riding a bicycle, your butt cheeks get caught in the spokes.
- When you go camping, bears put their food up in trees.
- Domino's Pizza assigns you your own private driver.
- When you open your mouth, a little light comes on.
- You have to buy tires for the left side of your car twice as often as for the right side.

VIERING OFF by Jed Vier

Why Iceman Avoids Superhero Conventions

Those who ruined a perfectly good piece of white paper with their text: Eric Bohlen, Greg Grabianski, Fred Sahner, Andy Simmons, Jed Veir... and of course, Terry Colon, who threw all this stuff into the air and let it land where ever!

W A S H

RETURN TO SENDER

Dear Cracked,
I just saw Schindler's List and I don't understand why everyone in the audience was sobbing and carrying on so much. After all, it's only a movie!

Louis Farrakhan
Aryan Nation of Islam

Dear Cracked,
Marla, you clumsy oaf! You busted another dish? Do you think I'm made of money?!!

The Trumps
The Beginning of the End

Dear Cracked,
Hi, guys, how ya doing? I'm Jerry...What's that you say? No, I haven't played the new Sonic The Hedgehog game. Huh?...No, I don't have the new Pearl Jam CD. Yeah, sure, I'm old enough to buy beer if you really want some.

Jerry Seinfeld
Mingling at His Girlfriend's Prom Last Week

Dear Cracked,
All day I'm locked in a dark box while you're in class or play at recess. But when gym class rolls around I'll get my revenge. 'Cause someone'll bounce me off your head. Hard. I personally guarantee it!

A. Dodgeball
Gymnasium, PA

Dear Cracked,
Help, we're sinking!

The cast of SeaQuest after the Nielsen Ratings came out.
Bottom of the Ocean

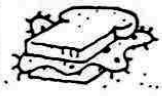
Dear Cracked—
I am deeply offended by your "Cracked Travel Guidebook" (#288). I am offended by the section entitled "Sherman National Battlefield: Gack, Kentucky." I have the last name SHERMAN!! My father certainly did not abuse me in Gack, Kentucky. He has not abused me anywhere. And I have never even been to Gack. That is, supposing it exists at all. I hate the way that the article implies that the Sherman kids are stupid. My sister and I are certainly not stupid. The illustration is absolutely revolting too. I hope that you never print garbage like this using the name Sherman again.

Scott Sherman

Dear Mr. Sherman,
We assure you, Mr. Sherman, that the name Sherman will never, ever appear in Cracked again. Thank you for writing, Mr. Sherman. Give our best to the rest of the Shermans. Sherman! Sherman! Sherman!

—Eds.

SCIENCE FUN FACT: Those ugly, headless things crawling around under the microscope... can also be found in your bologna sandwich!



Members of the NRA are shown above answering gun opponents.

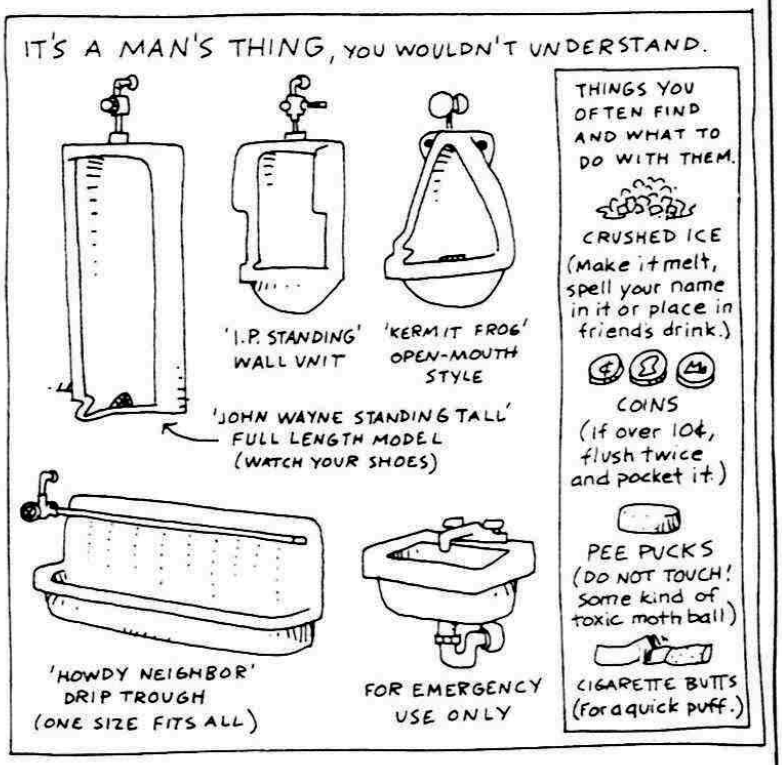
Send us a letter and if we publish it we'll send you a Cracked T-shirt!

Dear Cracked—
I am returning this piece of filth my five year old grandson purchased off a grocery store rack thinking it was a regular comic book. Congratulations on generating more of the evil garbage that is floating around our society. Your corporation must be very proud that it can contaminate more of our young people. It is my intent, as a *Christain*, to help put you filth pushers where you belong— out of business.

Mrs. Catherine Castleman
Checotah, Oklahoma

Dear Cathy!
You being such a fine, upstanding member of the religious community, we're sure you're familiar with the 11th Commandment: "Thou shalt learn how to spell *Christian*!"

OZ & NS by T. Colon



THE MIGHTY- MORONIC

I'm **Jackass**. The leader of the **Chowder Rangers**! We're a group of teenagers that battles the **evil** and **all- powerful Queen Pita** by changing into uniforms we **stole** from the **U.S. Olympic ski-team** while they were in the shower. People keep asking us **why** we're always running around in ski-outfits since there's no snow around here.

I'm **Bimberly**. In addition to being a superb fighter, I'm a **California valley girl**—a combination that comes in handy when I wanna **bully** my way to the front of the line at **The Gap**.

I'm **Gack**. I'm a really **lousy** fighter. In fact, in a fight I spend almost as much time on my back as Bimberly does during a date.

I'm **Tinny**. When things get tough, we all take command of gigantic robot dinosaurs. I drive the **Sabertooth Dinozort**, which was named Motor Trend's **"Import Dinozort Of The Year"**...a higher-quality Dinozort than the ones made by lazy American workers.

These battle sequences teach kids that the **best** way to win a fight is by achieving a balance between having a **strong body** and a **strong mind**.

It **also** teaches kids that the best way to win a fight is to outnumber your opponent five-to-one!

Wow! This monster sure is tough! What's it made of? Some mystical space armor?

RRRiiiP!

RRRRRIIIPP!

No, it's made of an **old wok**, some worn out **kimonos**, a couple of used **Toyota tires** and a bunch of other junk that the show's tight-wad producers got at a Japanese garage sale for cheap!

ARRRGGH! They **defeated** my monster! **Sphinster! Openbar!** Send out a squad of **Pottys to capture one of the Chowder Rangers! Then, when the rest of them come to save their friend, we'll have another one of our monsters ambush** the Chowder Rangers and **destroy** them with **this**...heh, heh, heh...**The Spatula of Death!**

Did it.

Okay, then how about **The Enema of Evil?!**

Did it.

The Wheelbarrow Of Doom? The Athletic Supporter Of Power? The Clam Of Destruction?

"MEANWHILE, JACKASS IS CONVENIENTLY WANDERING AROUND BY HIMSELF ON A FAR-OFF DESOLATE MOUNTAIN PEAK FOR NO APPARENT REASON."

Uh-oh! Some of Queen Pita's horrible Pottys have jumped me! If I ignore them, they might go away. Afterall, a Chowder Ranger **never** fights unless he absolutely has to.

OWW! OOF! Okay, I guess ignoring them isn't gonna work...OUCH!...guess I'll have to...CRY LIKE A BABY! WHAAAAAAHH!

CHOWDER RANGERS

WRITER: GREG GRABIANSKI ARTIST: JOHN SEVERIN

How come you guys are able to kill us with kicks that obviously completely miss us by four feet.

It's easy! One of us Chowder Rangers is always **up** in a nearby tree **picking** you guys off one by one with a high-powered rifle.

SILENCER

BLOOBLE! BLOOBLE!

CEMENT MIXER POTTY POTTY

K-CHOK!

What was that?!

The show's producers must've cut-in the wrong Japanese television footage again!

CEMENT MIXER... POTTY, POTTY.

Pardon me, Queen Pita, but can you see if our Pottys have defeated the Chowder Rangers?

Who cares? I'm checkin' out some **hot young stud** in Idaho taking a shower!

So **that's** why Queen Pita is always looking through that telescope! That dirty old **hag!** Looks like I'll have to take over for her. . . SEND IN THE MONSTER—NOW!

Another one of Queen Pita's monsters! Accursed space demon, feel the wrath of our Chowder Rangers Gardening Accessories! **Power rake!**

Power-hoe!

Power-fertilizer!

Power-garden hose!

Power-tomato plant seedling!

RROWR!

GRRRARRGH! You've injured me with your **Chowder Rangers Gardening Accessories**...which, I understand, are now on sale at Toys Is Us, Gay-Bee Toys and all other fine toy stores for $29.95 each...Visa and Mastercard accepted...subject to availability, prices may vary...

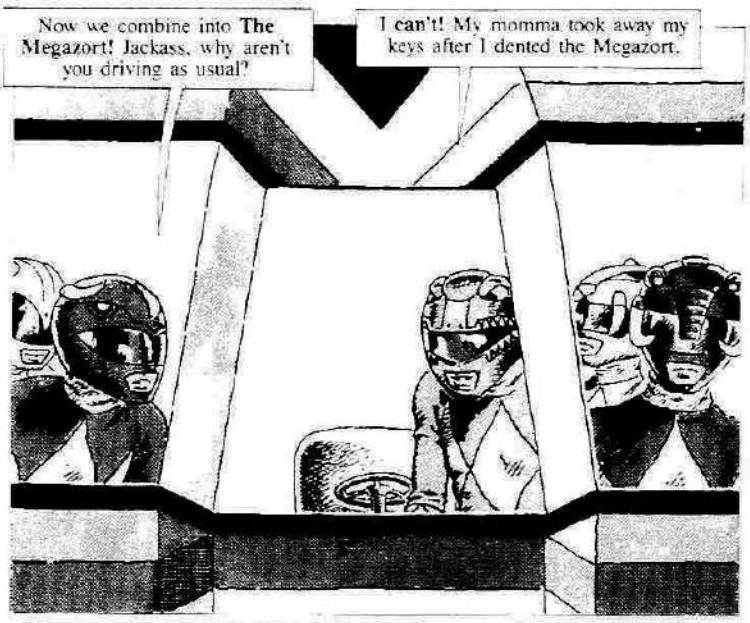
Look! Bimberly's got the monster!
This headlock should slow you down, horrid creature!
I've got news for you, honey! That's **not** my head! Ooo-la-la!

新製?
国人民解放
SUMO
ATHRETI
CRUB

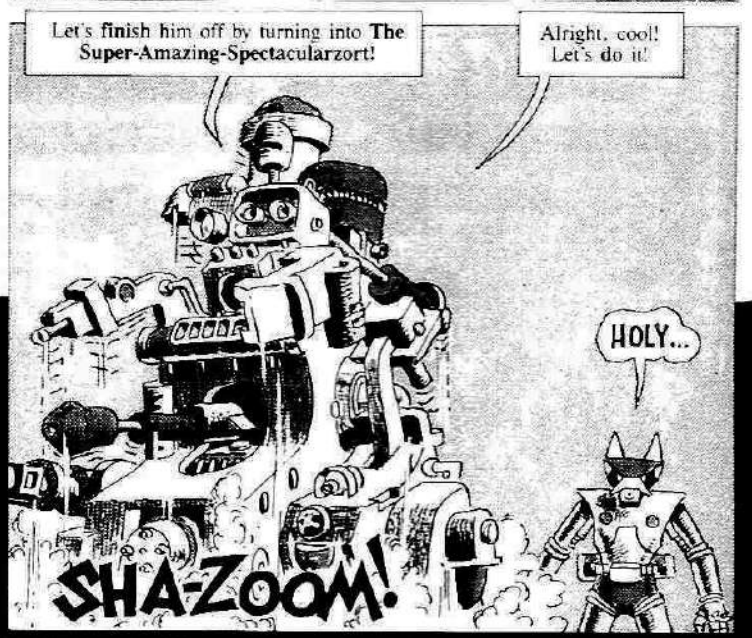
They cut-in the wrong Japanese TV-footage **again.** I think it was an Oriental soap opera: "The Egg-Foo Yung And The Reckless".
The monster has grown! Quickly, Chowder Rangers! DINOZORT POWER!!!

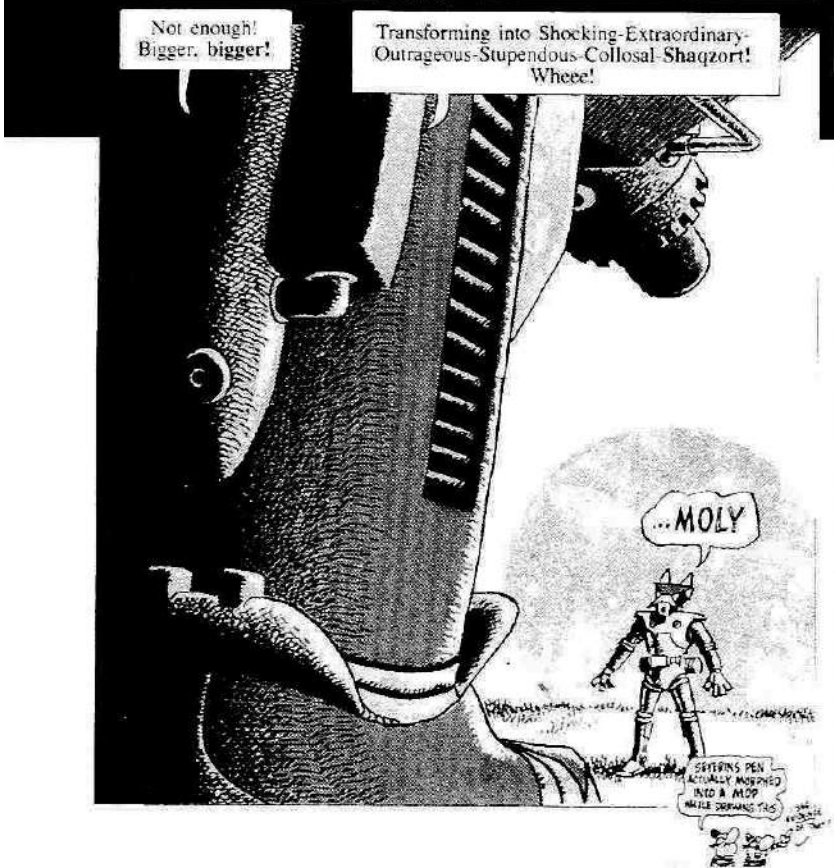
"You blow, Chowder Rangers...You blow, Chowder Rangers".
PUFF
PUFF
PUFF
FLAP FLAP FLAP FLAP FLAP
*SUNG TO THE TUNE OF THE POWER RANGERS THEME SONG.

Hey, where's the Sabertooth Dinozort?
BAM!
POW
OOOF!
WHOP!
OUCH!
KITTY'S LITTERBOX
KITTY'S LITTERBOX
ROCK

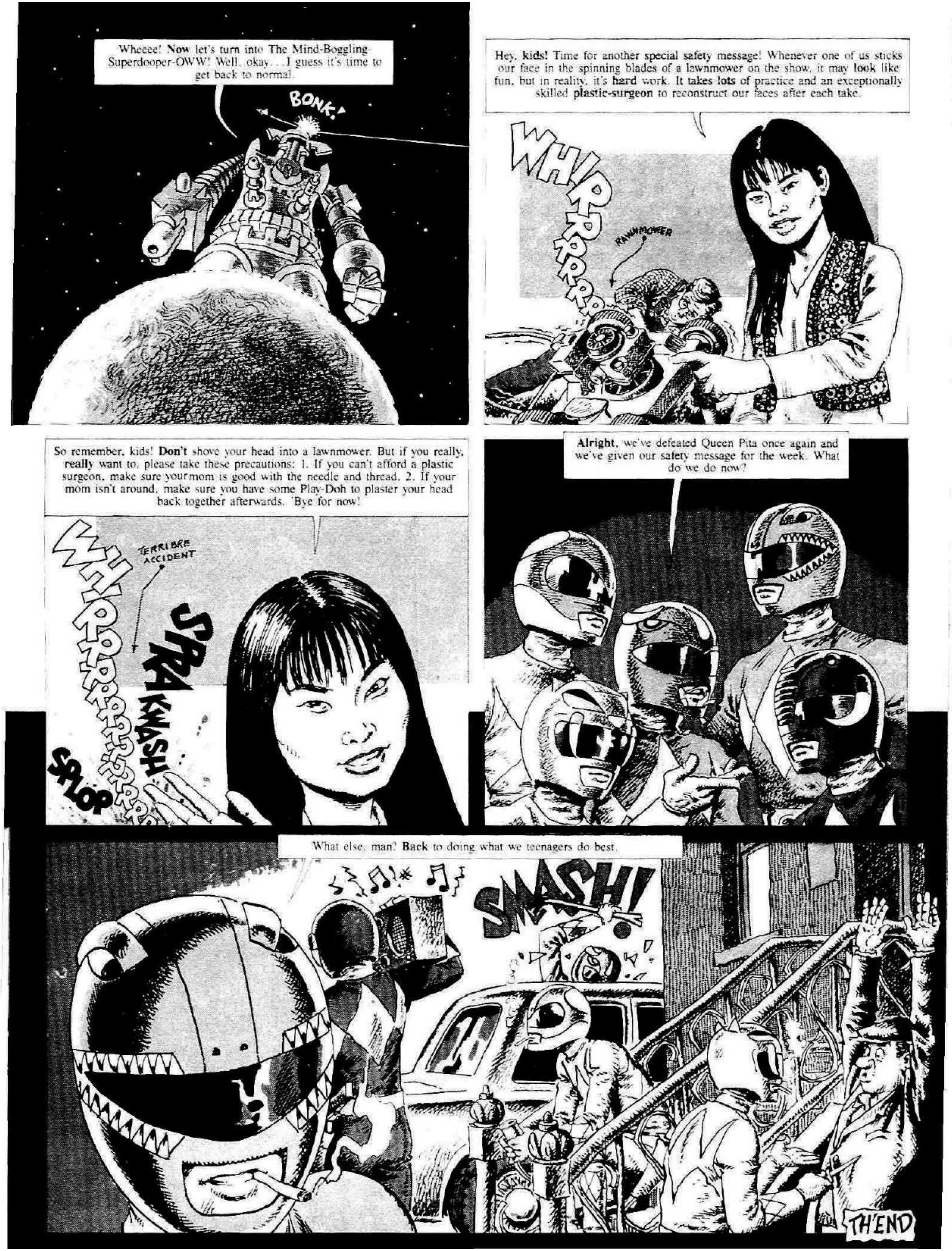

Now we combine into The Megazort! Jackass, why aren't you driving as usual?
I can't! My momma took away my keys after I dented the Megazort.

A Megazort kick to the chops should settle you down, beast!
OH NO! Not again!!
KLANK!
RRRIIIP!
We're in trouble, guys! Let's turn into The Ultrazort!


Let's finish him off by turning into The Super-Amazing-Spectacularzort!
Alright, cool! Let's do it!
HOLY...
SHA-ZOOM!

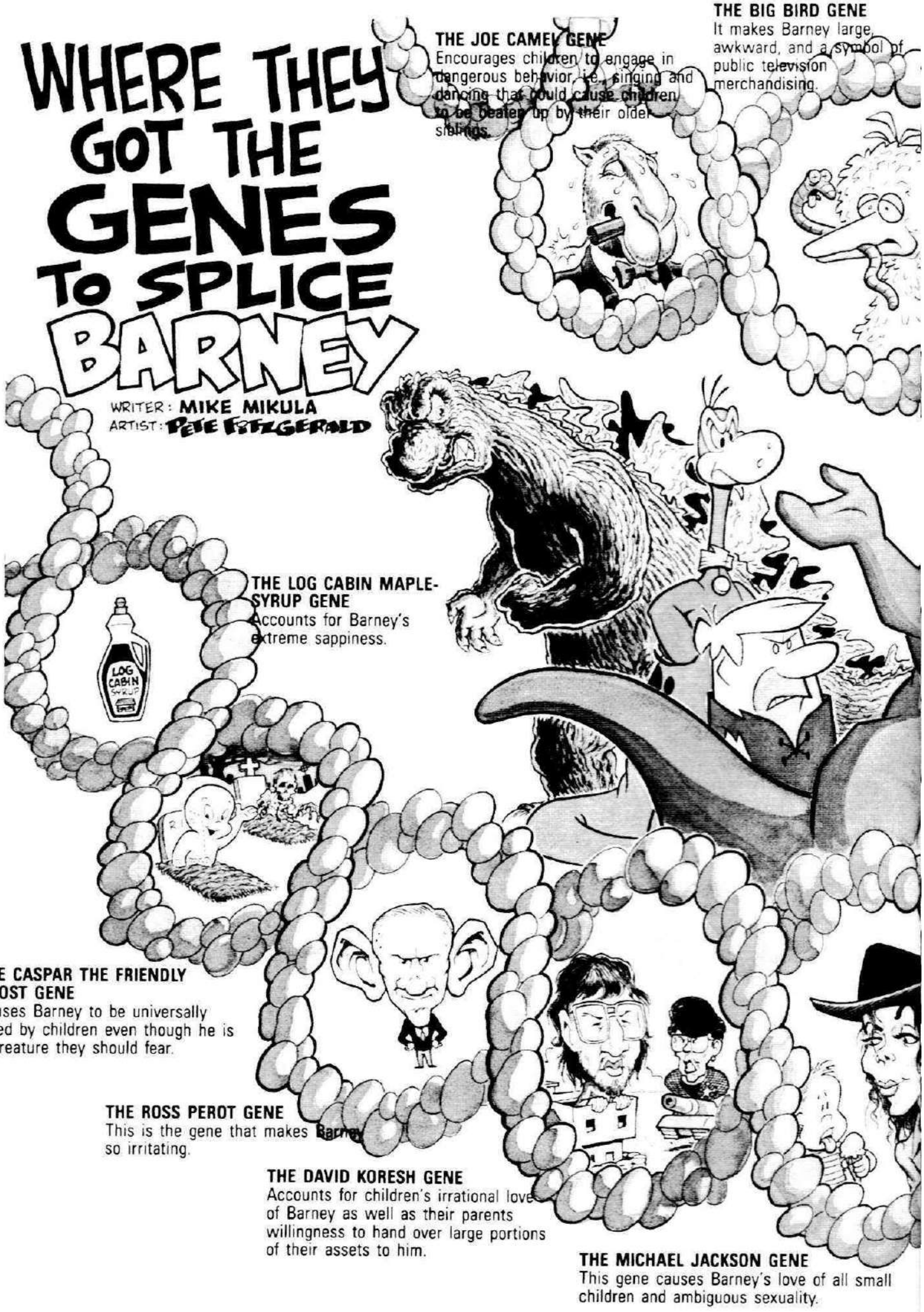

Not enough! Bigger, bigger!
Transforming into Shocking-Extraordinary-Outrageous-Stupendous-Collosal-Shaqzort! Whee!
...MOLY

The monster is dead! We won!
So what? Let's get bigger! Bigger! Yahoo!
Yipee! Time to become The Awesome-Wowee-Zowie-Unbelievable-Humongous-Gargantuan-Large-And-Lumpy-Enormous-Monolithic-Hugezort!
OH,NO!!


Wheeee! Now let's turn into The Mind-Boggling-Superdooper-OWW! Well, okay. . .I guess it's time to get back to normal.
BONK!
Hey, kids! Time for another special safety message! Whenever one of us sticks our face in the spinning blades of a lawnmower on the show, it may look like fun, but in reality, it's hard work. It takes lots of practice and an exceptionally skilled plastic-surgeon to reconstruct our faces after each take.
RAWNMOWER
So remember, kids! Don't shove your head into a lawnmower. But if you really, really want to, please take these precautions: 1. If you can't afford a plastic surgeon, make sure your mom is good with the needle and thread. 2. If your mom isn't around, make sure you have some Play-Doh to plaster your head back together afterwards. 'Bye for now!
TERRIBRE ACCIDENT
SPRAKWASH
SPLOP
Alright, we've defeated Queen Pita once again and we've given our safety message for the week. What do we do now?
What else, man? Back to doing what we teenagers do best.
SMASH!
TH'END

WHERE THEY GOT THE GENES TO SPLICE BARNEY

WRITER: MIKE MIKULA
ARTIST: PETE FITZGERALD



THE JOE CAMEL GENE
Encourages children to engage in dangerous behavior, i.e., singing and dancing that could cause children to be beaten up by their older siblings.

THE BIG BIRD GENE
It makes Barney large, awkward, and a symbol of public television merchandising.

THE LOG CABIN MAPLE-SYRUP GENE
Accounts for Barney's extreme sappiness.

THE CASPAR THE FRIENDLY GHOST GENE
Causes Barney to be universally loved by children even though he is a creature they should fear.

THE ROSS PEROT GENE
This is the gene that makes Barney so irritating.

THE DAVID KORESH GENE
Accounts for children's irrational love of Barney as well as their parents willingness to hand over large portions of their assets to him.

THE MICHAEL JACKSON GENE
This gene causes Barney's love of all small children and ambiguous sexuality.

THE OPRAH WINFREY GENE
This makes Barney an overweight person of color (purple) who is making a mint on daytime T.V.

THE MICHAEL BOLTON GENE
Responsible for Barney's bland, banal singing voice.

THE HOWARD STERN GENE
Explains how someone so big, ugly and obnoxious can have so much commercial success.

THE MICHAEL JORDAN GENE
This gene causes Barney's massive over-exposure.

THE BARBRA STREISAND GENE
This is the gene that makes Barney foist his brand of socially conscious behavior on an unsuspecting populace.

Ever notice how race car drivers talk. . .

Well. . .I reckon I done alright today in the Goody's Brand Headache Powders 500 here at the Interstate Batteries International Raceway. But I gotta thank the good folks at Texaco Havoline for helpin' sponsor the Skoal Bandit Racing Team. Now, my Motorcraft Brand parts crew had the Ford Thunderbird hittin' on all the points today, so all I done basically is I called my Crew Chief, Cooter, on the Bearcat Brand two-way radio and he said I should pull in and get four fresh Goodyear Brand Eagle tires and maybe take in some Xenix Brand engine coolant.

Written by
Eric "Lube" Bohlen

Drawn by
Bruce "Cracked Flywheel" Bolinger

WHAT IF EVERYONE TALKED

The Fast Food Clerk:

Well. . .I reckon I done alright fillin' your dinner order. What I done basically is I took a mess of Idaho Brand pre-cut french frying potatoes. . .dipped 'em down into a vat of pre-heated Crisco Brand vegetable oil. . .and let 'em fry. Now while that was a goin' on. . .I shuffled on over to the VeraChill Brand milkshake machine and using a mixture of Dairy Mate Brand 2% milk and Sealtest Brand vanilla ice-cream, I was able to whip up your milkshakes. Now, of course, I wouldn't have gotten nowhere if it weren't for my burger chief, Chuck, back there on the Grillco Brand flat surface spit-grill! He took himself a patty of the relatively lean Angus Brand beef by-product and grilled you up one hot sizzlin' pound of meat substitute.

The Accountant:

Well. . .I reckon I done alright while I was figurin' up your financial statement. What I done basically is I took a Berol Brand Number 2 leaded pencil to a couple sheets of Memo-Gram narrow-margined, blue-lined, debit sheets. . .threw out some figures onto my Canon Brand 12-digit electronic desk-top calculator with the Panasonic Brand A/C adaptor. . .then I crunched some of your basic asset-information using an Epson Brand Apex 1000 four-byte 20 mega-ram office computer. Of course a lot of credit goes to my crew chief in the secretarial pool. . . she called me on the Tele-Master Brand office-adaptable intercom system and filled me in on all your depreciation figures.

The Mugger:

Well. . .I reckon I done alright out there in the alley tonight. What I done basically is I took my Colt Brand .45 caliber hand-gun and forced it into the backs of some Native Iowa tourists. Of course I had my Fruit-Of-The-Loom Brand stocking cap pulled down over my face so as to not be recognized. I was real fortunate that they was carryin' this Seiko Brand Quartz wristwatch, this Zales Brand quarter-carat diamond wedding band, and this-here MasterCard Brand credit card and coordinatin' Iowa State Driver's License personal I.D. card. But I really got to send a thank you out to Police Officer Sam Rowenkawitz. . .who had the good timin' to be fillin' his face with Maxwell House Brand instant coffee over in the Mister Krispy Brand donut shop while the whole thing went down.

LIKE A RACE CAR DRIVER?

The Victim:

Well. . .I reckon I done all right surviving the muggin'. After I felt the Colt Brand .45 caliber handgun through my Gap Brand jean jacket and my Hanes Brand purple tee, I lifted my Isotoner Brand leather gloved hand into the Bethlehem Brand Steel Mill polluted night air. After he relieved me of my belongings, my Thom McCann Brand loafers with the fringe, vulcanized rubber heel and reinforced steel toe took me out of there where I flagged down a couple of Cleveland Fire police officers driving a Chrysler Brand

The Surgeon:

Well. . .I reckon I done alright with the bullet removal. What I done basically is I took a Ferrel Brand 4-ounce silver-plated scalpel. . .made what I suspect to be about a 3 and a half inch incision right along the sternum. Then. . .with my Burroughs Brand surgical forceps I went right in there. Of course I needed to keep a stock of Medi-Wipe Brand sponges handy. . .and I did have the Conworth Brand heart monitor working full throttle the whole time. But I can't fail to mention the incredible help I got from my anesthesiologist. . . she was pumpin' that Dow Brand Nitric Oxide down those flexible, large bore, Playtex Brand plastic tubes like there was no tomorrow. I don't know what I would have done without her.

The Hooker:

Well. . .I reckon I done alright with that John. What I done basically is I took him to my room at the Notell Motel and went into the bathroom. There, I applied a good layer of Maybelline Brand Midnight Blue eye shadow and touched up my Cover Girl Brand Brickhouse Red lipstick. I went into the room and slowly took off my Frederick's of Hollywood Brand see-through teddy, leaving on just my pair of Evan Picone Brand thigh-high fish-net stockings and my Intimate Treasures Brand cherry-red garter belt. Of course I made sure he pulled that U.S. Treasury Department Brand currency out of his Rolf's Brand simulated leather wallet before I did anything. Now, I really need to thank my Pimp, Ramone, for setting up the whole thing. Callin' me from his Lincoln Mercury Brand Mark Five automobile on his Cell-tech Brand cellular telephone

SATURDAY MORNING CARTOON
SHUT-UPS
PLEASE, MR. FUDD! DON'T SHOOT ME! DON'T SHOOT ME!
SHUT-UP! THANKS TO THE BRADY BILL, I CAN'T SHOOT YOU! I HAVE TO WAIT FIVE DAYS FOR MY GUN!
NO FELINE IS SAFE FROM MY ROMANTIC CHARM.
LOVE POEMS
SHUT-UP! I HAD YOU NEUTERED A YEAR AGO!
LOVE POEMS
THIS IS A STORY ABOUT MURDER, BLOOD AND HORRIFIC VIOLENCE...
SHUT-UP AND PUT DOWN THAT NEWSPAPER! YOU'RE GOING TO BE LATE FOR WORK!
R.I.P.
WRITERS: ERIC S. GOLDBERG AND MARK HOWARD
THE CRYPTKEEPER NEWS
ARTIST: DON CREHEK

The #1 Bestseller at the Morty Lee Bookstore!

Now, not a major motion picture!

CRUSH PEOPLE'S HEADS-- THE MORTY LEE WAY

昭和45年 9
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"This is the best book on Karate I've ever read!" –Morty Lee

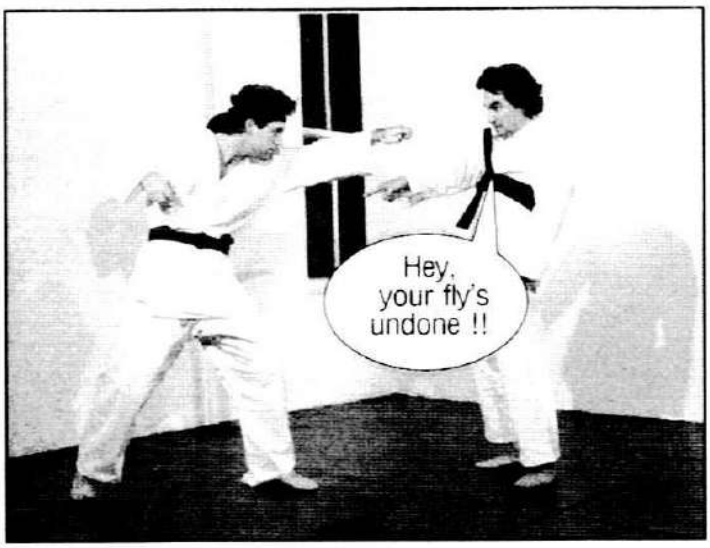
- 差 The Mysterious Plaid Belt: What is it? How can you get it?
- 有 Celebrity Sumos— Tom and Roseanne go one on one
- 効 Karateobics with Richard Simmons: They'll never call you a pansy again!!!
- 間 Plus a special interview with a guy who once almost had a date with Bruce Lee's maid!!!

"Morty Lee made me what I am today...a cripple!" –Joe Smith

Writers: ERIC GOLDBERG & MARK HOWARD Photos: TOM GRIMES

Do you get beaten-up everyday by the kids that get beaten-up everyday? Then try...

Try this latest move from the Orient called SUM DUM GUY.



Morty say: He who stop fist with face has big headache.

The ancient art of TRI SUM DOE.

Morty say: Dead **Pres-i-dents** will avoid **Ac-ci-dents**!!

The deadly art of DIS KID SUE.

Morty say: Be a school-yard **hero** with Lenny **Shapiro.**

MORTY LEE'S SELF-DEFENSE TECHNIQUES

Master the confidence building techniques of TY WON ON.

Morty say: You can handle the **tussles** with your beer **muscles**.

The venerable sport of FAIN-TING.

Morty say: When bully take you for a **sap**, go ahead, take a **nap**.

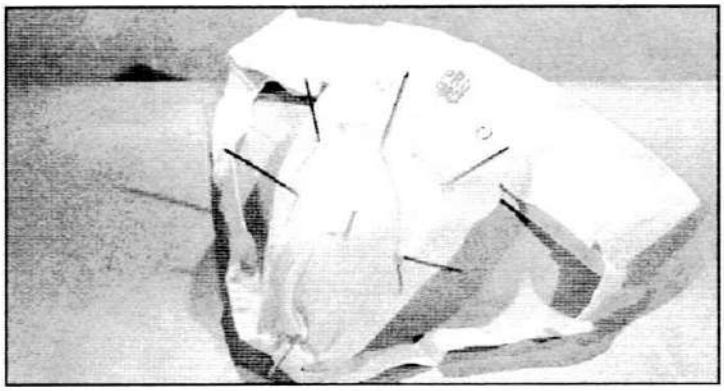
Practice the tradition of ESKU-ZA-MEE.

Morty say: When tiger is **pickin'**, turn into **chicken.**

Morty Lee's Gift Shop *"Where the only belt that matters is your money belt!"*

THROWING-STAR YO-YO

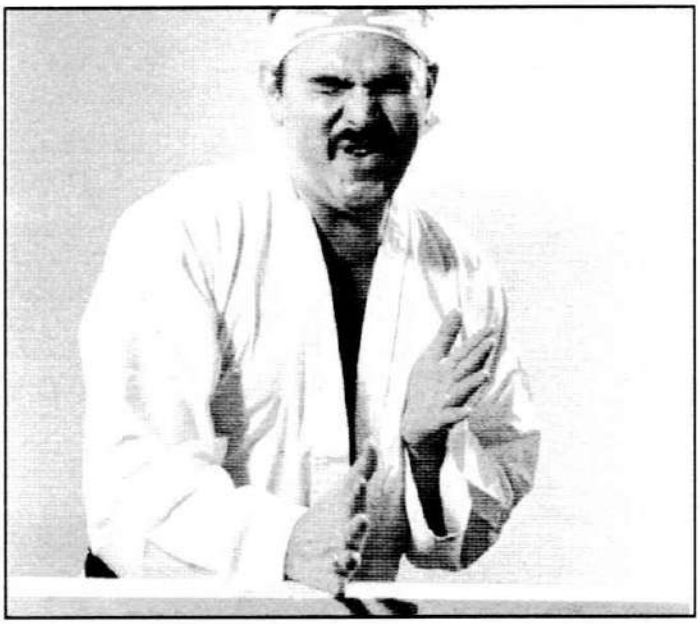
Never worry about retrieving lost throwing-stars again! This tournament-edition lets you rock the cradle, walk the dog, and lose a finger. . .$139.95



MARTIAL ARTS CUP AND SUPPORTER

Perfect for warding off low blows (and overzealous karate-groupies). . .$499.99

THE DE-CAP-ITATOR This one-size-fits-all, adjustable cap comes in the team logo of your choice which can be used as a deadly throwing star. . .$299.99



NOVELTY WOOD-GRAIN STEEL 2-BY-4

Fool your friends! Scare your enemies! Injure your master! The steel 2-by-4 that nobody can crack!!!!. . .$149.99

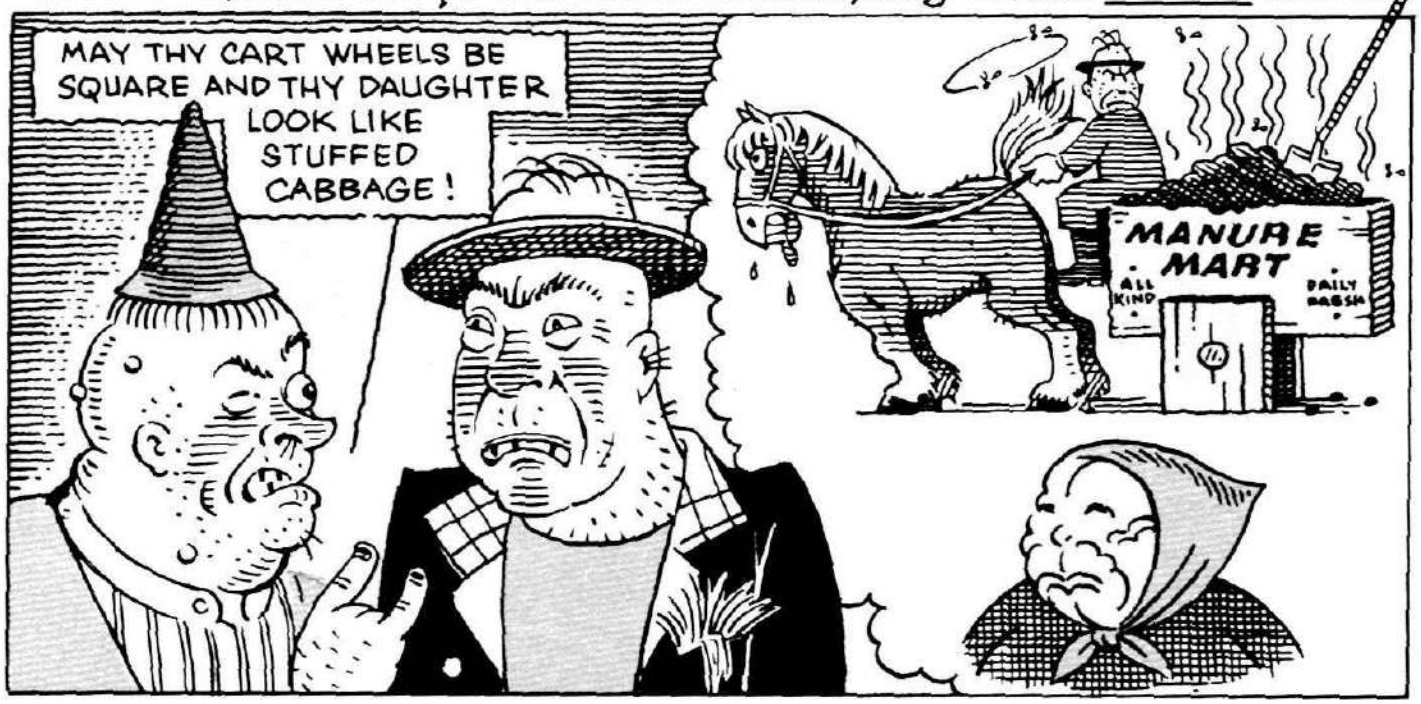
Pre-Sliced Beginner Boards. . .$399.99

Make checks payable to: Morty Leibowitz, Marshall Arthur Way, Samurai, OH. 44444

CURSES for OUR TIME

by Ron Barrett

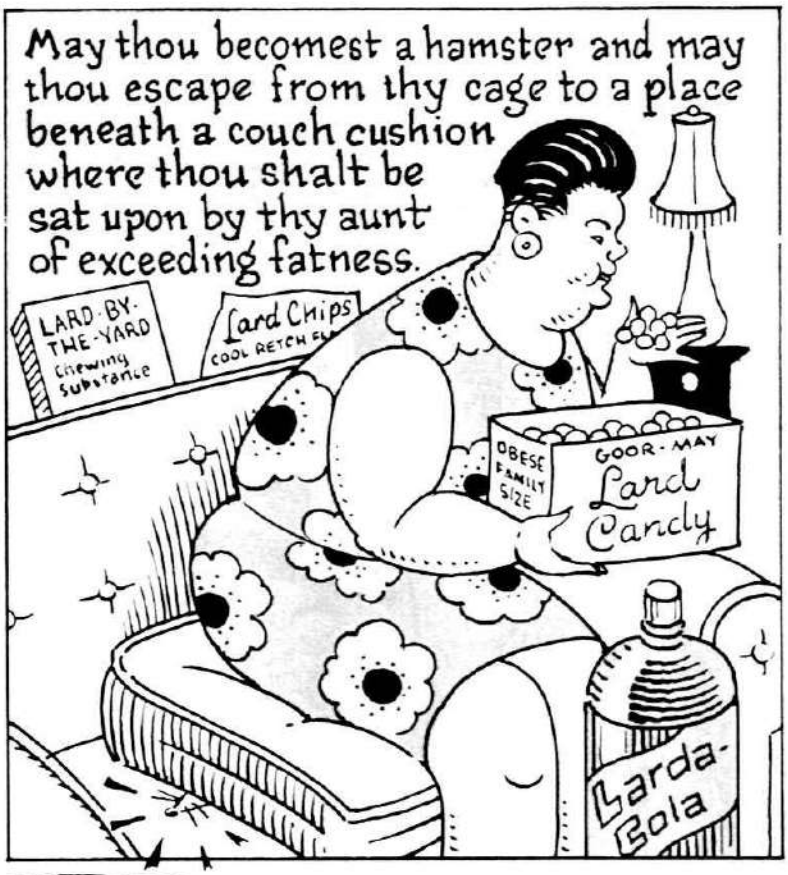
Used to be, when one person hated another, they would CURSE them.



But the disappearance of carts and goats has also meant the disappearance of really good curses.

We at CRACKED feel keenly this impoverishment of the arsenal of invective. So we would like to offer these curses for our time, for when you care enough to wish the very worst:

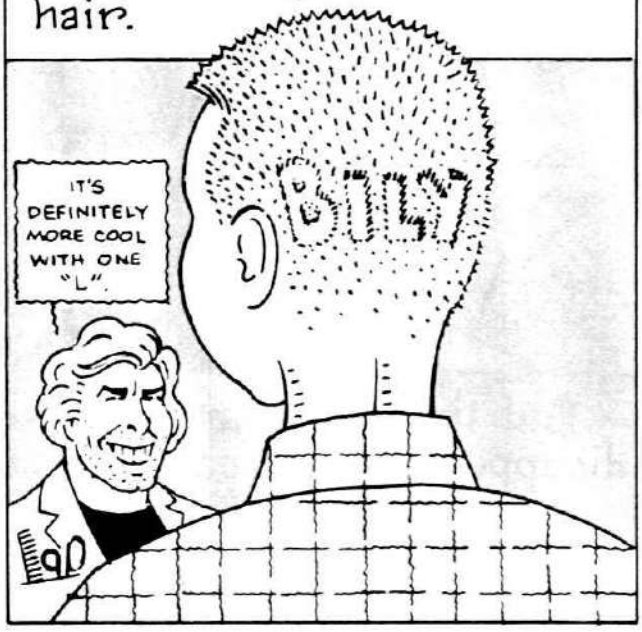
May thy pony tail become as the hands of a clock and turning, not give the correct time.



May ye dwell in the cellar with the Mets.

May thy TV show forth naught but THE UPHOLSTERY SHOW!

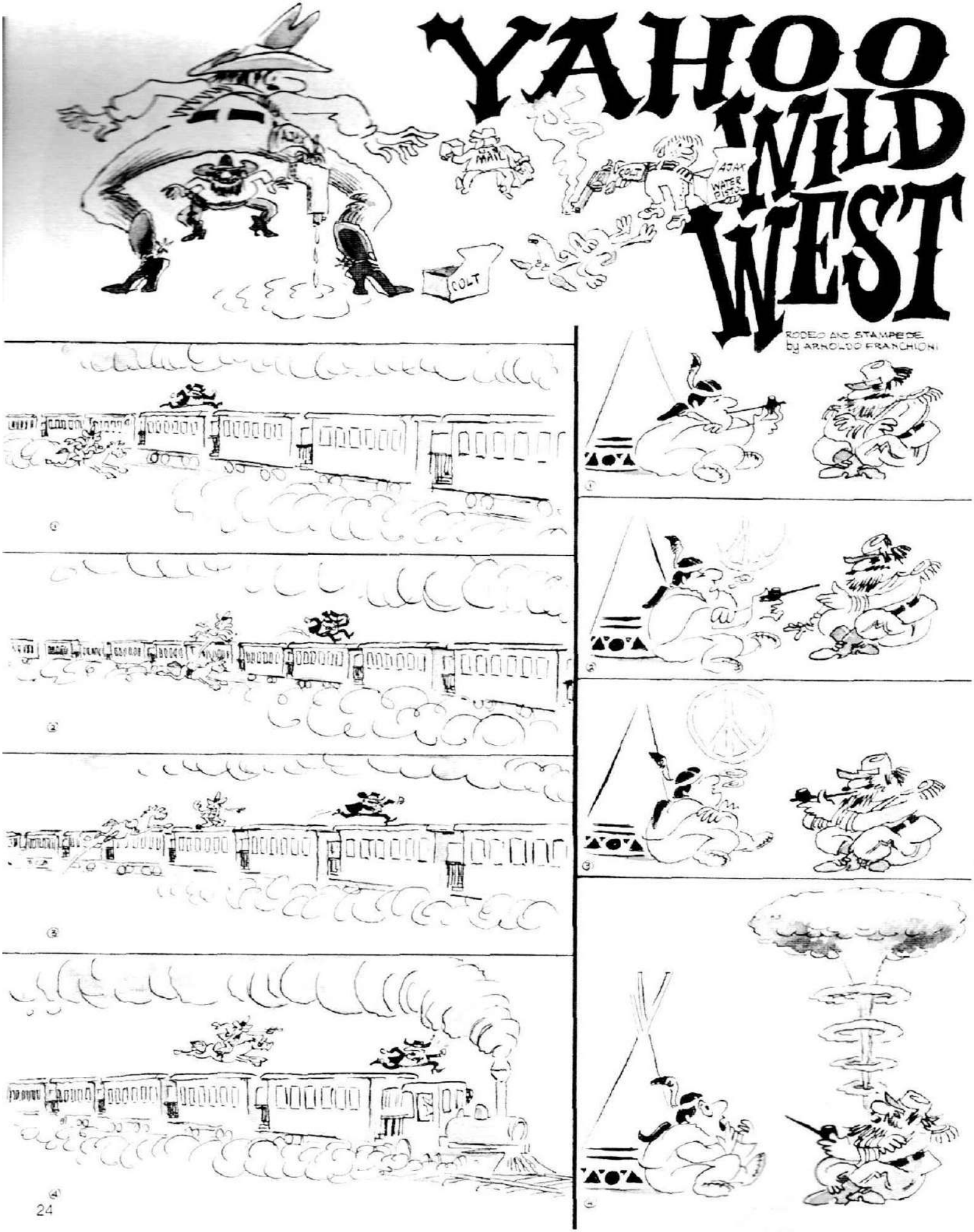
And may thy barber misspell in thy hair.



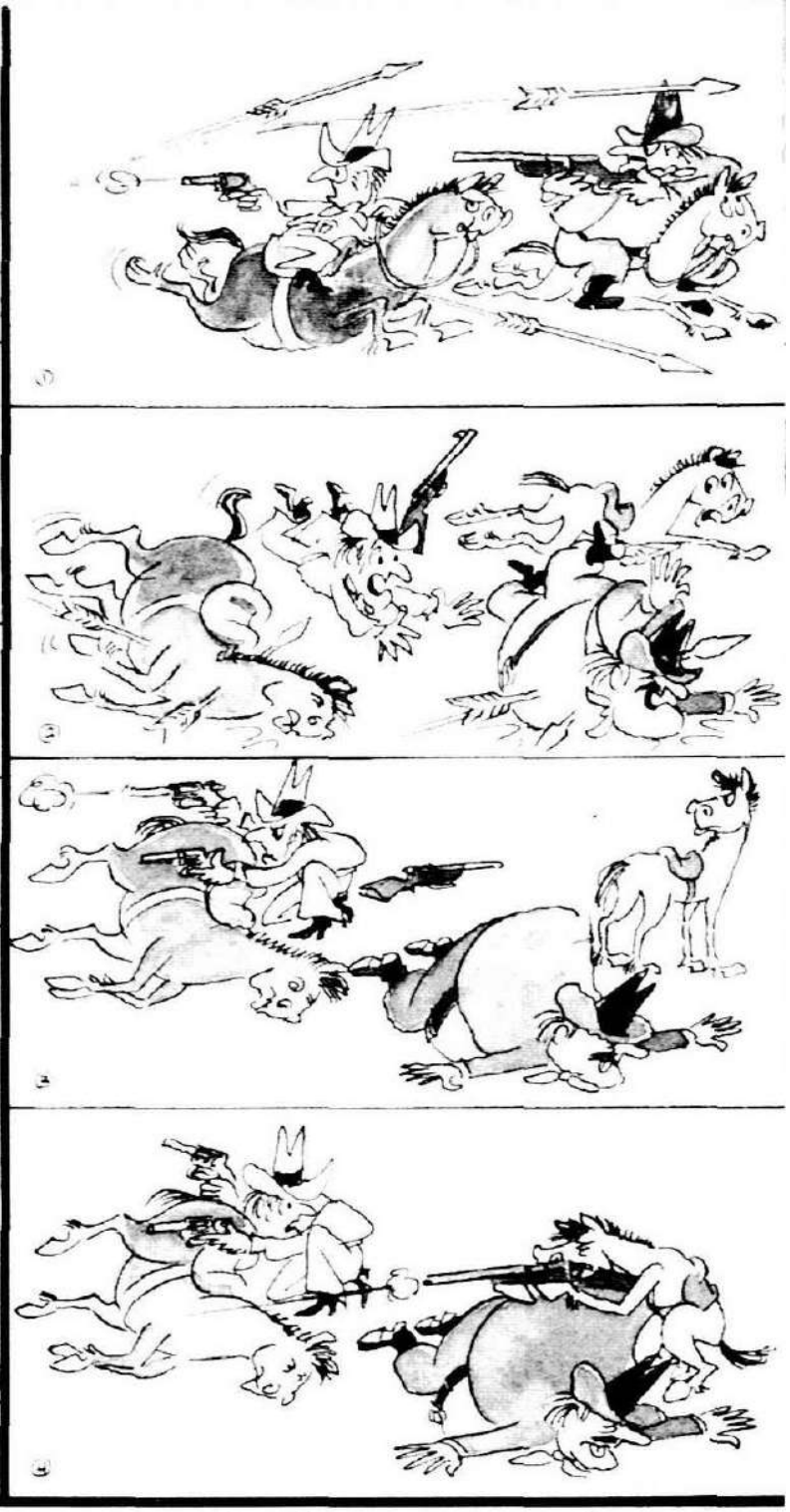
Unlucky Charms
HEY KIDS! FREE GREEK LESSON!
SPEAK GREEK
FREE BUG INSIDE!
RICE KRAPPIES
Uh-Ohs
LOOK! KNOTTED SHOELACE INSIDE!
Gyppies
Collect HAIRS OF THE WORLD!
CORN FAKES
FREE! SPARK PLUG!
Cajun Crook
NEARLY NEW TISSUE! Inside!
ITALY
May thy cereal boxes give forth things of dumbness and uselessness and cause thee to wail and rent thy GAP pocket-T.
May thy face become as the knees of thy jeans!
Velvet-EEZE!
Doctor Approved!
OK MD
Odor-No Hole ® System!
WEDGE-O-MATIC DESIGN!
Ward Creepers
AIR KUSH-N INSOLE!
May thy AIR-JORDANS become as the shoes of a nurse!
May thine earrings be great and silly and may the downward pulling thereof cause thy lobes to drag upon the earth.
A plague of Barneys be upon thee!
JONES

YAHOO WILD WEST

RODEO AND STAMPEDE
by ARNOLDO FRANCHIONI



PHEEW!
PHEEW!

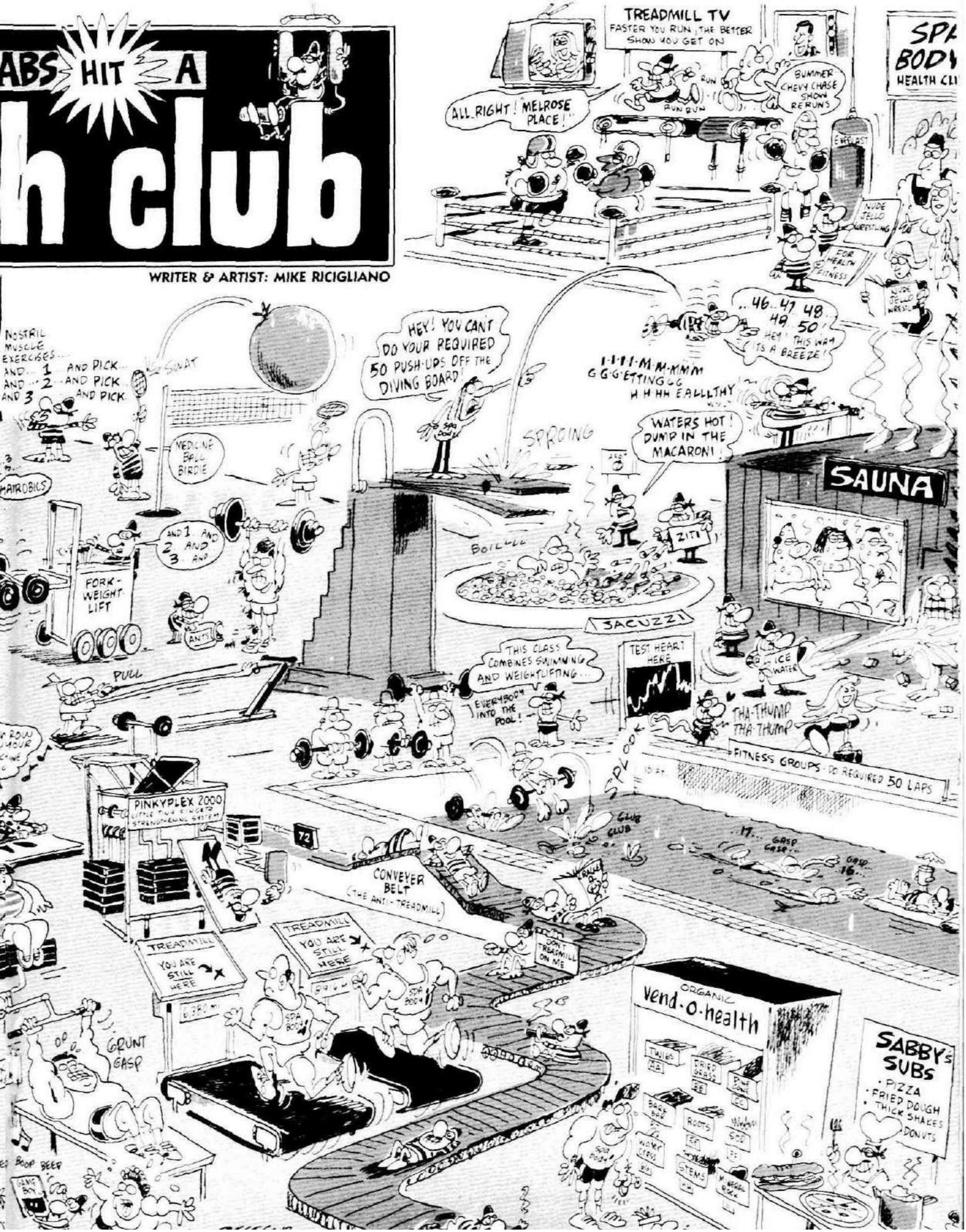


SPITTOON
SPITTING CONTEST
YAHOO!!
9½
10
10
10
9¾
7½
8½
10

SPIES AND SA
heal
WHIP
WHAP
WHARRITA
WHAP!
WHAPP
HAPPA
WHAP
SAB SIT-UPS
SIMON SAYS SIT-UP SIMON SAYS LAY DOWN SIMON SAYS SIT-UP LAY DOWN
GOTCHA!
RACQUETBALL COURTS
3-6-9-12
GRUNT
HE GETS 3 CHIN-UPS AT A TIME 'CAUSE HE'S GOT 3 CHINS
SKIING MACHINE
MOUNTAIN CLIMBING MACHINE
ALLIGATOR WRESTLING MACHINE
TODAY'S WORKOUT
• 6 SIT-UPS
• 2 LAPS
• 1/2 MILE ON TREADMILL
• WATCH 24-HOUR CARTOON MARATHON
• DOWN CASE OF BEER
• EAT LB. OF BUTTER
• RENT "PORKY'S" VIDEO
• READ EVERY ISSUE OF 'CRACKED'
STEP AEROBICS CLASS
STEP
ESCALATOR UP
SAME TOWN WAS HERE
JUMP
JUMP
JUMP
HEAD + NECK EXERCISE
AND COMB COMB COMB
STAIRCLIMBER
99,344 STAIRS
GRADE A EXERCISE
NICE FIRM BUTT!
I USE THE RIDGITUSH 4000
NICE BABE-ER-BOOB-ER-BARBELLS!
MIRRORS HEAHH! CANT ADMIRE YOUR OWN SCULPTED BOD WITHOUT A MIRROR!
I'D GIVE YOU FLOWERS... AND CANDY..... AND A JACKHAMMER!
YO!
I'LL TAKE 2!
SLIDE DOWN STAIRCLIMBER ON RAIL GRADE Z EXERCISE
ROW! ROW! ROW! YOUR MACHINE GENTLY DOWN
MERRILY
ROW ROW ROW YOUR MACHINE GENTLY DOWN
TUMMIES FLATTENED HERE
DUMBELLS
PANT PANT PANT
IT WORKS!
YOUR FLY IS OPEN!
NAUTILUS WATER FOUNTAIN
STRETCH THOSE MUSCLES AND 2 AND 3 WORK OUT AND 4
GASP
EXERCISE BIKE
EXERCISE
VROOMM

ABS HIT A h club

WRITER & ARTIST: MIKE RICIGLIANO



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THERE IS!! SUBSCRIBE AND HAVE CRACKED MAILED TO YOUR HOME. YOU'LL SAVE MONEY AND CAN GET FREE STUFF!

Mail to: CRACKED SUBS, P.O. BOX 114, ROUSES POINT, NY 12979-0114 (C290)

- ☐ 3 Years (27 issues) for $33.75 (27T) Plus a free T-Shirt
- ☐ 2 Years (18 issues) for $26.75 (18W) Plus free set of cracked monster wrestling cards
- ☐ 1 Year (9 issues) for $14.40 (9)
- ☐ Check here if renewal

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

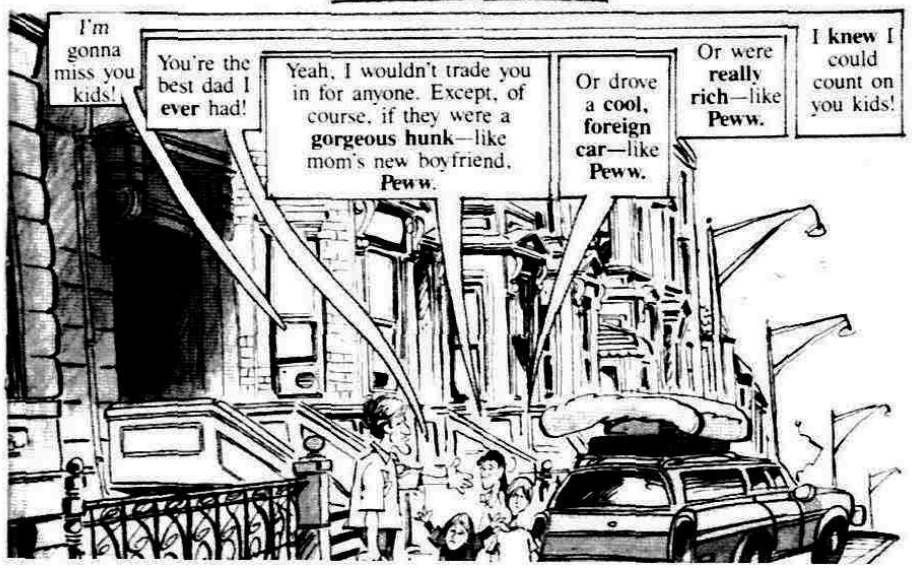
CITY_____

STATE_____ ZIP_____ AGE_____

Outside USA (including Canada): $18.90 for 1 year, $35.75 for 2 years, $46.75 for 3 years, payable in U.S. Funds by International Money Order or Check drawn on U.S. Bank. Please Allow 8-10 weeks for processing.

MRS. DOUBTFUL

WRITER: ANDY SIMMONS ARTIST: WALTER BROGAN



Mr. Triceratops says..."Meow"...can you say "Meow"? Mr. Tyranosaurus Rex says "Moo"..."Moo"...
Kid, I want you to leave the mailroom and help me save this stinkin' show.
Why, because you think I know what kids want?
No, because you're the worst mailroom boy I've ever seen.
FRAGILE
FRAGILE
FRAGILE
THIS END UP
CRASH
Besides, the dinosaurs just ate the star. Meet me for dinner at the new "in" restaurant, Le Roy Rogers, on Friday night.
EXIT
Crank, you've always been like a sister to me! Miranda's hiring a nanny for the kids. You have to help me look like a woman so I can get the job!
Why, because you can't live without the kids and you have to make sure they're loved and taken care of at all times?
No, the salary's twice what I'm making at my other job.
OK, but first we wax those hairy legs. Sheesh, you can hang Christmas ornaments on them!
YYYEEEOOWWW
Ohh, I've always wanted a fur coat.
Now, I turn this potter's wheel onto "puree" and I'm ready to work on your face.
CLAY
How about this look? A Queen Victoria tea cup?
I'm trying to cut back on caffeine.
How's that?
Nah, I don't look good in hats.

Hillary Clinton? Hmmm... I've always wondered whether blonds really do have more fun. And now I know: they don't.
Let me try one more look!
MAKE-UP
Hello. I'm Mrs. Doubtful, your new nanny.
How are you with children?
I'm very strict. If they don't clean their rooms, no dinner. If they don't do their homework, no dinner. If they don't do their chores, no dinner. In the end, they may not have fun, but they'll be thin.
You are strict. Who did you work for prior to coming here?
A lovely couple called the Hitlers.
Hey, you just tossed the remote control into the fish tank!
It's time to do your homework. But if you really want to watch TV, I'll let you watch one TV show: Mork and Mindy.
Yuk! I'd rather do my Algebra.
BONK!
Finally, we get to watch what we want to watch!
Here vee see zee beautiful Malicious-Fishes. See their lovely...
Look, Louie's made the big time!
ARRG-GHH! GHB! GHB! GHB!
CLICK
POP CORN
JACQUES COUSTEAU
Geez, cooking's a breeze.
FROZEN TV DINNER
What's that burning smell?
I was just warming up some milk. Want some?
No thanks! You're such an old bag, your milk's probably curdled.

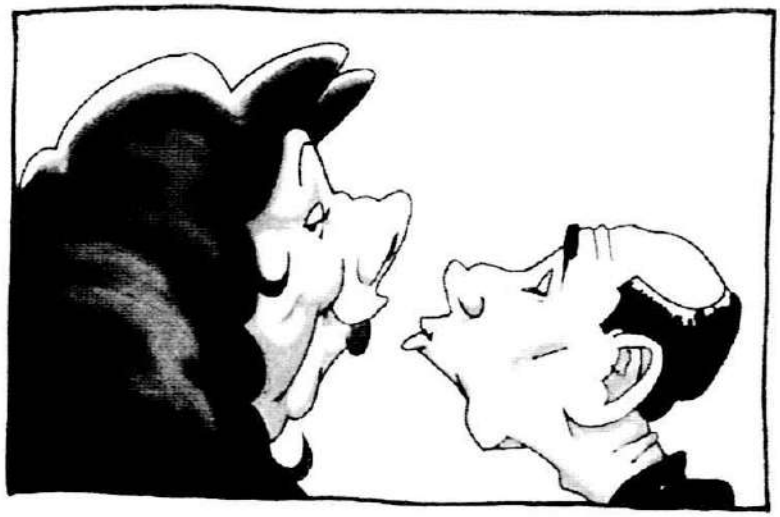
Oh, Mrs. Doubtful, this is the most fun I've had since...
PHHA!!
Willya look at them bazoongas!
Tee-hee! Oh, Mrs. Doubtful, you're a crass, ignorant, chauvinistic pig just like my dad... tee-hee...
Gee, Mrs. Doubtful, you're just like my dad!
C'mon ya stiff, shoot the -%*$- ball! BRRAAAAAPPPP! I gotta go to the can!
I've just discovered a terrible secret. I know why Mrs. Doubtful acts like a man. It's because she is a man!
How do you know?
Because women don't leave the toilet seat up!
SPLASH!
Gee, dad, if you're going to go to all that trouble to look like a woman, couldn't you have tried to look like Sharon Stone?
Briss, if you promise not to rat me out to your mother, I'll tell you what a ladies-room looks like.
It's a deal!
Peww's taking us out for dinner at the new "in" restaurant, Le Roy Rogers. This is what I'm wearing: a piece of string. I hope he likes it.
That's too modern. Wear this suit of armor instead. He strikes me as more the old-fashioned type.
I'll begin with the "crispy water soup", followed by the "calf's appendix in a turtle puke sauce." Mmmm... these breadsticks are delicious!

Those aren't breadsticks, they're tampons. They fell out of my bag. Excuse me. I'll need these to. . . freshen up.
Don't order the spinach. It puts hair on your chest!
So Dan-yell, how do you suggest I improve my TV show?
Never talk down to kids, even though they're shorter than you are. Just think of them as small, funny-looking adults and give them the sort of show you'd like to see on TV.
You mean the kind with lots of naked broads? Alright!
Glad to see kid's television programming is in good hands. Excuse me. I have to go to the bathroom again for the 47th time in this scene.
Be back in a second!
I've been to the bathroom so often, the restaurant's giving me my own private stall!
Be back in a second!
Dan-yell!
Don't be mad at him, Mom. He dressed up like that because he loves us!
Bull! I dressed up like this because I like being a little old lady! I get social security, I get into movies for half-price and dirty old men take me out for dinner. Besides, I especially like the way my calves look in high heels!
You can have the kids, Moribunda, because I won't have time for them anymore. I'm getting my own TV show. After all, what better role model for America's youth than a cross-dressing granny?

CRACKED COLOGNES

WRITER: JEFF WILSON, RANDY EPLEY, & JUDD STOMP ARTIST: JIM BENNETT

JIMMY DEAN SAUSAGE COLOGNE



JIMMY DEAN SAUSAGE COLOGNE—
DRIVE THAT SPECIAL SOW OF YOURS
UP THE WALL!

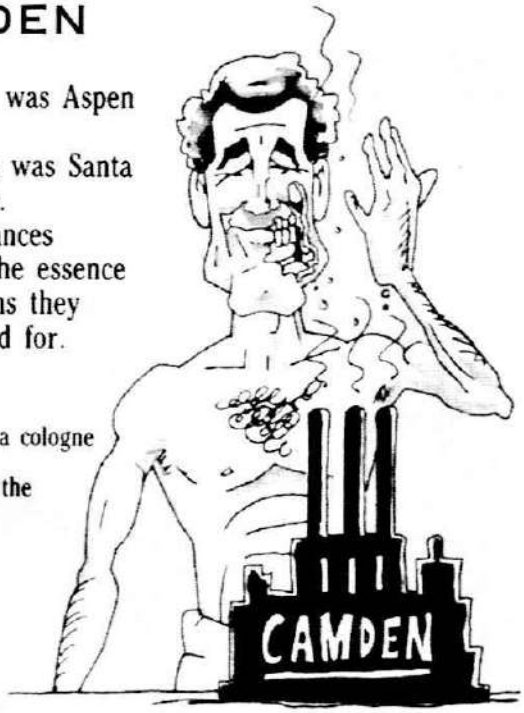
This new fragrance from renowned sausage king Jimmy Dean says it all—no fancy cinnamon blends, no high-priced designer bottles. And the smell?... PORK! PORK! and more PORK!

Comes in 3 distinct blends —
- Ham
- Bacon
- and Fried Pork Chops

CAMDEN

First there was Aspen Cologne.
Then there was Santa Fe Cologne.
Both fragrances capturing the essence of the towns they were named for.

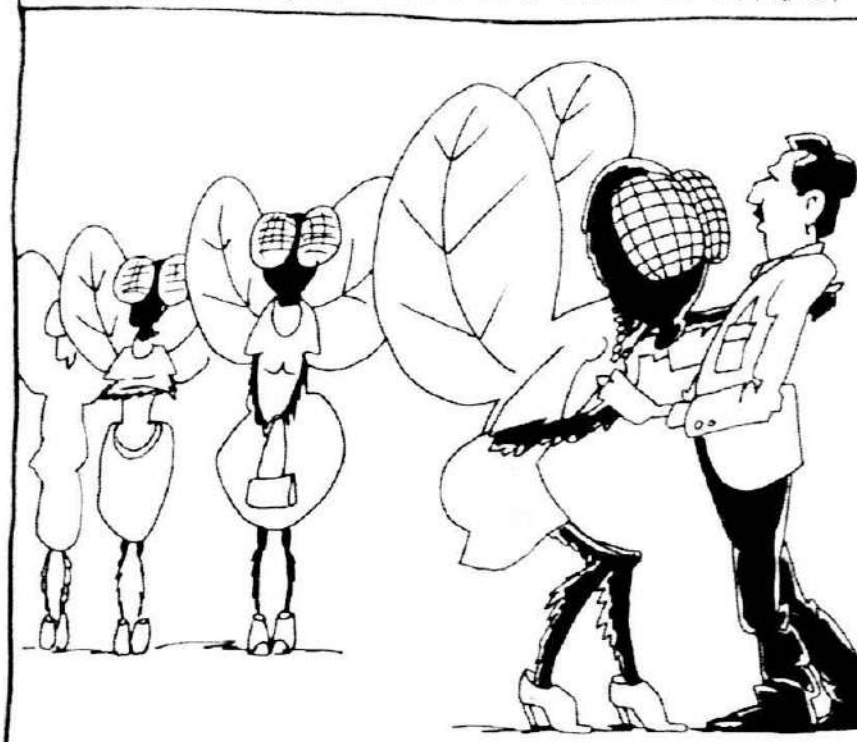
Now, there's a cologne that captures the essence of Camden, New Jersey.



Splash on Camden, refreshing yourself in the cool, crisp scent of industrial sulfuric gases, sensually intermingled with the scent of a sludge drainage duct.

EAU DE DOO-DOO

FOR THOSE NIGHTS WHEN YOU WANT TO ATTRACT

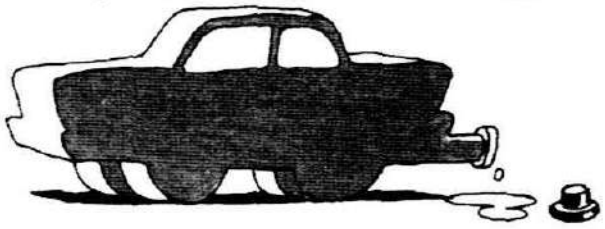


MEN LOVE CARS

And what better way to get to a man's heart than to smell like a brand new automobile! You can either dress in vinyl seat covers or you can wear...

GENERAL MOTORS EAU DE TOILET

Guaranteed to give you that fresh-off-the-lot freshness that'll get any man's motor running!



Comes in three distinct scents: Cadillac, Oldsmobile and Chevette

NIKE COLOGNE

YOU'VE WORN THE SNEAKER, NOW WEAR THE COLOGNE!

Nike boasts a strong, pungent scent that's guaranteed to last!

You can rest assured no one will ever forget you when you wear Nike Cologne.

Made from 100% natural sneaker sweat, sock juices and athletes foot germs.

NIKE COLOGNE

FOR PEOPLE WHO LOVE TO SMELL

WOMEN LIKE FLIES

Comes in regular or diarrhea scent

MARCH MADNESS! CRACKED

SURE, BASKETBALL'S THE MOST POPULAR SPORT THIS TIME OF YEAR... TEAMS FROM ANOTHER!.. WE GOT TO THINKING, HOW COULD WE WELCOME! ANYTHING GOES! — AND SO, ON MARCH 1ST, WE HELD...

THE NCMMM (NATIONAL CRACKED MAGAZINE MISH-MOSH)

(ALL GAMES PLAYED IN THE SYLVESTER P. SMYTHE GYMNASIUM — BY

HIGHLIGHTS

IN FIRST ROUND ACTION, CAROLINAS FAST BREAK PROVED TOO MUCH FOR THE CLYDESDALES

* THERE WERE ORIGINALLY 64 TEAMS IN THE TOURNAMENT, BUT 32 OF THEM PULLED OUT WHEN THEY HEARD BEAVIS AND BUTTHEAD WERE IN IT...

WAYNE AND GARTH LED STAN MIKITA'S DONUT SHOP TO AN UNIMPRESSIVE WIN OVER GEORGETOWN (MATH DEPT)

SISKEL AND EBERT'S INABILITY TO SLAM DUNK PROVED COSTLY IN THEIR LOSS TO THE GLOBETROTTERS

OLSEN TWINS WERE THWARTED BY KLINGONS' STRONG INSIDE GAME.

CHICAGO'S HELLS ANGELS WON DESPITE A RECORD 158 FOUL SHOT ATTEMPTS BY MICHAEL JACKSON

CRACKED'S EDITORIAL STAFF CHOSE TO KEEP THEIR SPINAL COLUMNS, AND SKIPPED OUT ON THEIR MATCH WITH MORTAL KOMBAT

NORTH CAROLINA TARHEELS	(103-4) TARHEELS			
BUDWEISER CLYDESDALES		X-MEN (340-100)		
RADIO CITY ROCKETTES	X-MEN (564-14)			
X-MEN			X-MEN (200-198)	
GEORGETOWN (MATH DEPT.)	(4-2) DONUT SHOP			
STAN MIKITA'S DONUT SHOP		GLOBETROTTERS (2998-1)		
SISKEL AND EBERT	GLOBETROTTERS (3000-1)			
HARLEM GLOBETROTTERS				X-MEN (948-945)
STREET FIGHTER II	(154-10) STREET FIGHTER II			
ADDAMS FAMILY		(WIN BY TKO) STREET FIGHTER II		
U. OF KLINGON	U. OF KLINGON (84-6)			
OLSEN TWINS			STREET KOMBAT II (432-432 COMBINED FORCES)	
MICHAEL JACKSON (AND FRIENDS)	(244-½) HELL'S ANGELS			
HELL'S ANGELS (CHICAGO)		MORTAL KOMBAT (WIN BY SKO) (SPINAL KORD OUT..)		
CRACKED EDITORIAL STAFF	MORTAL KOMBAT (WON BY FORFEIT)			
MORTAL KOMBAT				

ENTIRE ROCKETTE TEAM FOULED OUT - FOR KICKING

MORTAL KOMBAT AND STREET FIGHTER II BEAT EACH OTHERS BRAINS OUT AND FORMED A NEW TEAM, STREET KOMBAT II, FROM THE SURVIVORS...

TOURNAMENT MVP DOWN THE NETS FOR

AND SURE, THE NCAA TOURNAMENT IS HUGE.... BUT WHO CAN TELL ONE OF THE 64 REALLY MAKE ONE OF THESE THINGS INTERESTING... THE ANSWER... ALL CONTESTANTS

WRITER & ARTIST: MIKE RICIGLIANO

BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT!

MICHAEL JORDAN (175-14)

- MICHAEL JORDAN (74-34)
  - MICHAEL JORDAN (165-2)
    - JEOPARDY TOURN. OF CHAMPIONS
    - MICHAEL JORDAN (OUT OF RETIREMENT)
  - BEAVIS AND BUTTHEAD (PEPPERS DISQUALIFIED)
    - BEAVIS AND BUTTHEAD
    - RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS
- SWIMSUIT EDITION (16-8)
  - SWIMSUIT EDITION (44-0)
    - BUNCH OF GUYS WITH BAD TOUPEES
    - SPORTS ILLUSTRATED SWIMSUIT EDITION
  - "SEINFELD" (11-2)
    - N.Y. METS
    - CAST OF "SEINFELD"

MICHAEL JORDAN (144-26)

- POWER RANGERS (198-197 DOUBLE OVERTIME)
  - POWER RANGERS (98-95)
    - POWER RANGERS (94-74)
      - MIGHTY MORPHIN POWER RANGERS
      - GODZILLA
    - ODO (2,470-8)
      - ODO the SHAPESHIFTER
      - U.S. SUPREME COURT
  - BOBBY KNIGHT (68-3)
    - BOBBY KNIGHT (100-12)
      - BOBBY KNIGHT
      - WIZARD OF OZ (MUNCHKIN REUNION)
    - MEN WHO ETC. ETC. (66-3)
      - ARMY OF IRAQ
      - MEN WHO LOVE WOMEN WHO LOVE TUPPERWARE (ON THE NEXT "GERALDO")

HIGHLIGHTS

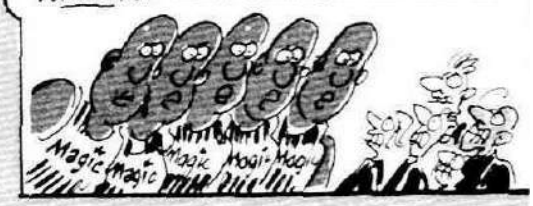
JEOPARDY CONTESTANTS, EVEN WITH 4 MEN OPEN, COULDN'T STOP THE UNRETIRED JORDAN

GUYS WITH BAD TOUPEES COULDN'T SCORE AT ALL ON SWIMSUIT ISSUE GIRLS

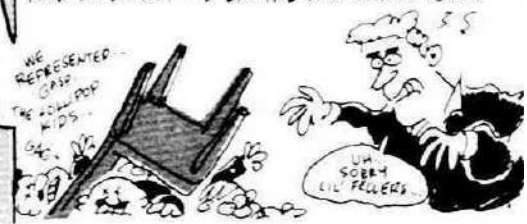
"SEINFELD'S" KRAMER MAKES A 6-POINT SHOT BY BANKING ONE OFF 5 METS' HEADS

GODZILLA WAS CALLED FOR GOALTENDING 38 TIMES, + WASTED HUGE HEIGHT ADVANTAGE VS. POWER RANGERS

ODO TURNED SELF INTO 5 SHAQS AND DEMOLISHED THE U.S. SUPREME COURT JUSTICES



BOBBY KNIGHT, IN A RAGE, TOSSES A CHAIR AND WIPES OUT THE ENTIRE MUNCHKIN TEAM

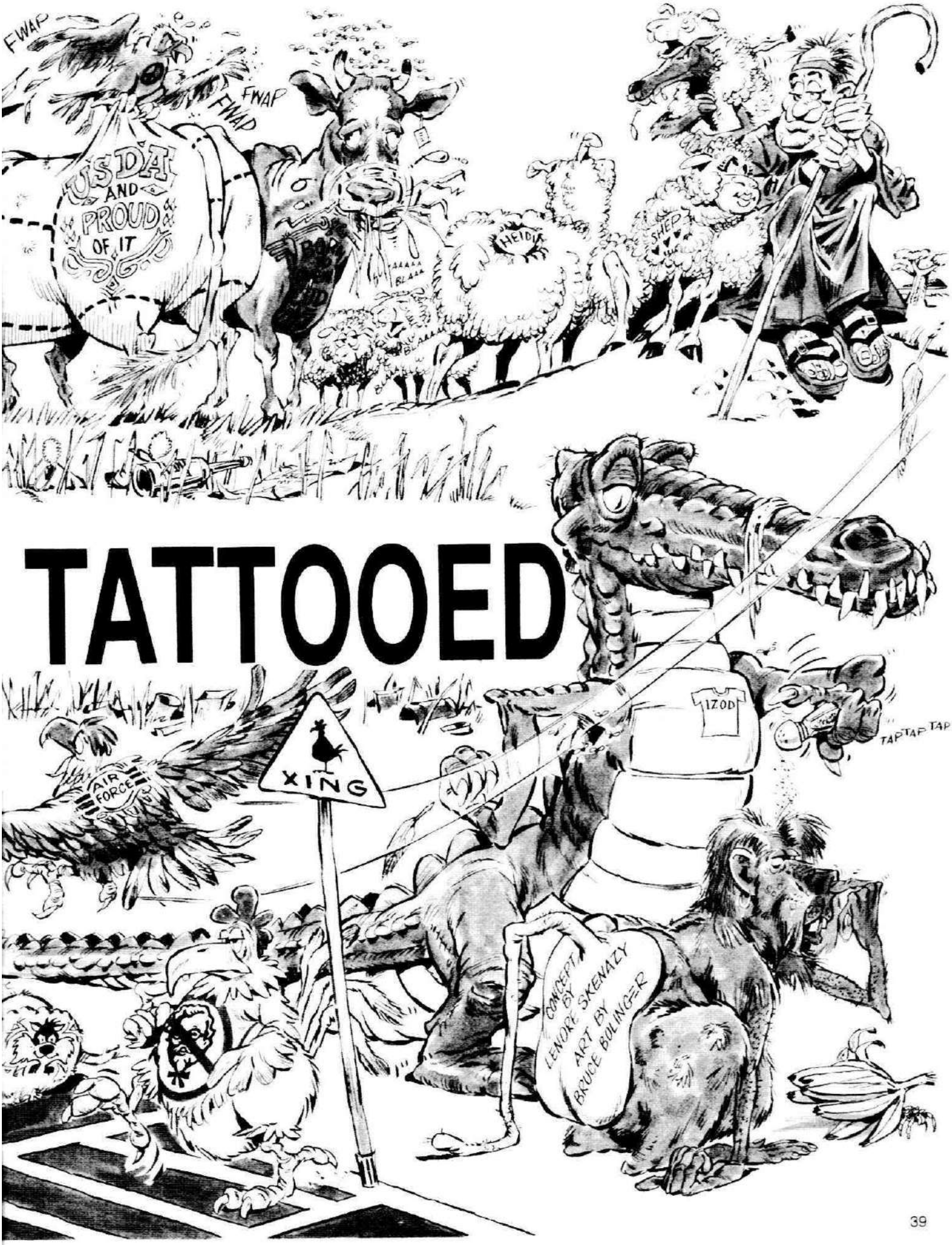


THE RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS WERE DISQUALIFIED (BEFORE BEAVIS AND BUTTHEAD WERE) FOR PLAYING IN THEIR UNDERWEAR

EVEN A TOTAL TEAM MORPH BY THE POWER RANGERS WASN'T ENOUGH - AS MICHAEL JORDAN WENT TO THE BOARDS, AGAINST THE DINOZORDS

WOLVERINE CUTS NCMMM CHAMPS!

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM GETS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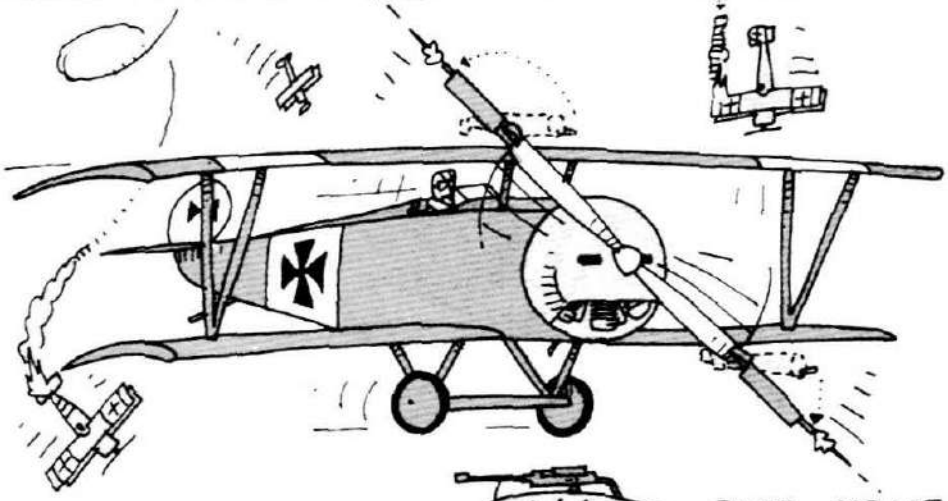
AIR FORCE
CONCEPT BY
LENORE SKENAZY
ART BY
BRUCE BULINGER

STING
DON'T BUST MY NUTS
NEW YORK
EAT MATE AND DIE
EAT S**T AND LIVE
MARINES
SEMPER FI
AVAILABLE FOR SUBDIVISION
ASK ME ABOUT MY GREAT GREAT GREAT GREAT GREAT GREAT GRANDCHILDREN
SPEEDO

Just Plane Stupid

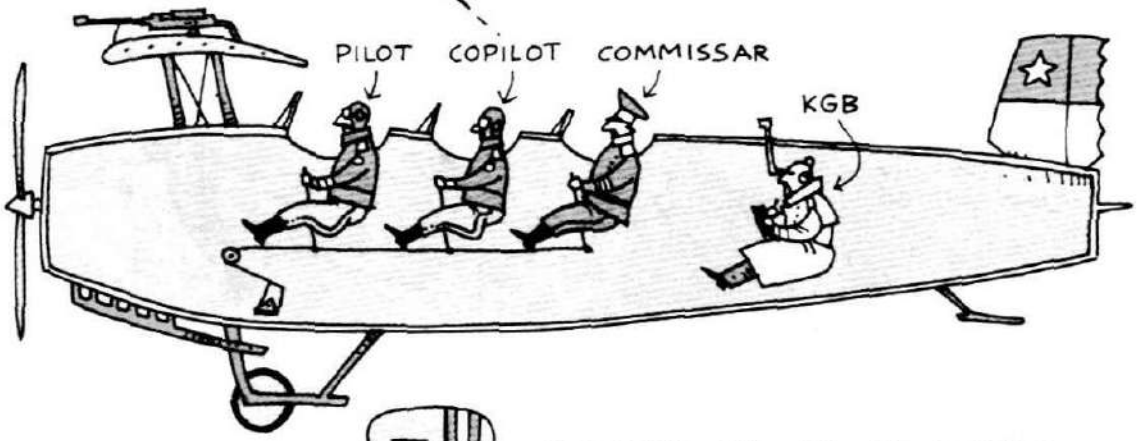
Lesser Known and Least Successful Aircraft of World War I

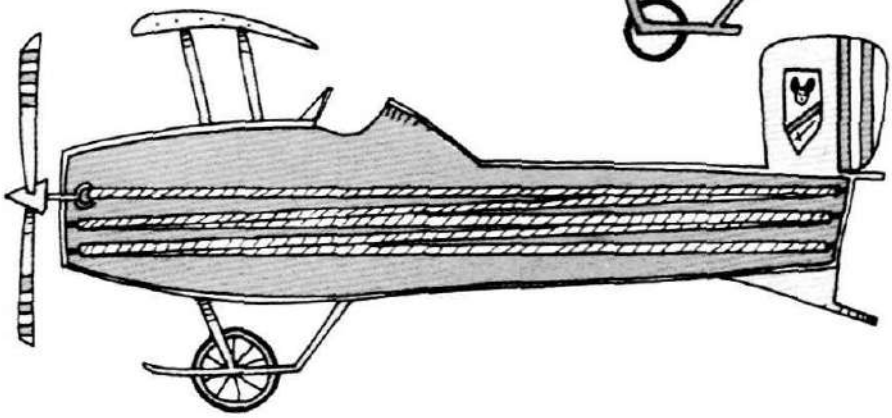
by terry colon



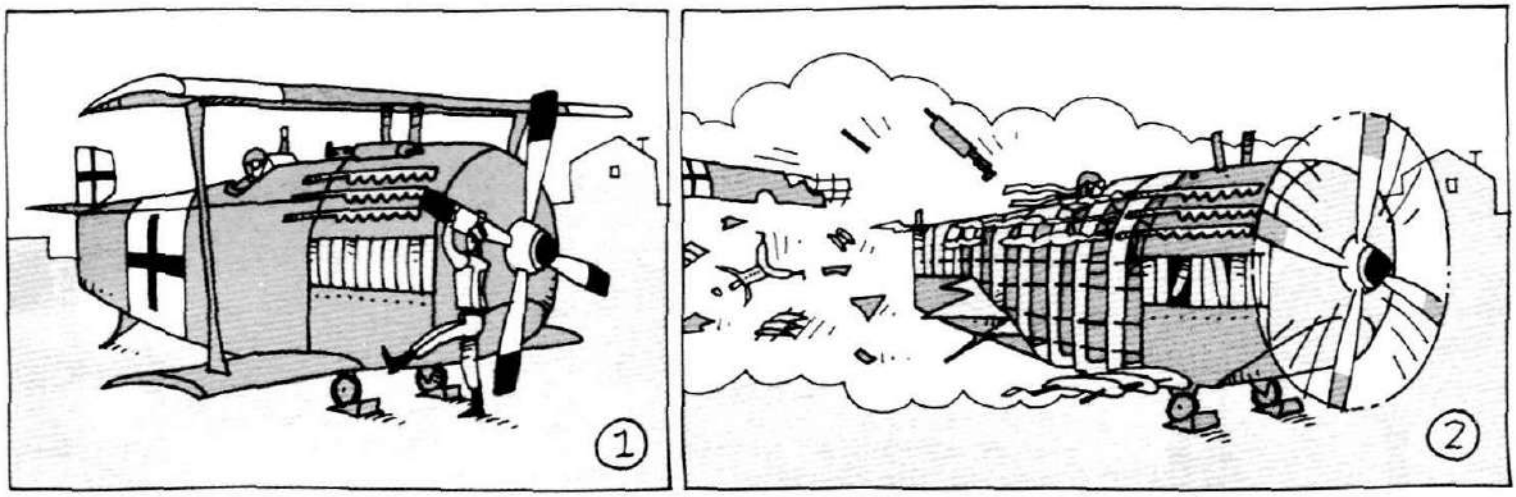
German flying ace Otto Mattik's attempt at mounting machine guns that didn't shoot off one's own propeller gave us the Pflopflitzen. On its first mission, centrifugal force swung the guns outward and thus Mattik shot down his own squadron flying in formation around him.

SOVIET PEOPLE'S MOST HEROIC AND EXCELLENT AERO-DREADNAUGHT -U.S.S.R.
This cutaway shows the S.P.M.H.E.A-D's ("Spamhead") entire complement of crew.

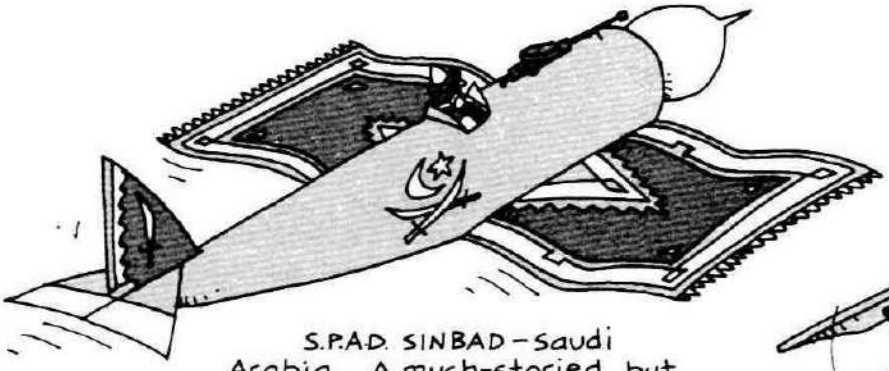




BOING 101-Albania. To counter an endemic gas shortage the crafty Slavs built this rubber band driven fighter. Surprisingly, this unorthodox plane flew beautifully, but took a crew of 30 men two hours to wind it up, thus earning disfavor with the Albanian Royal Air Command and ground crews alike.



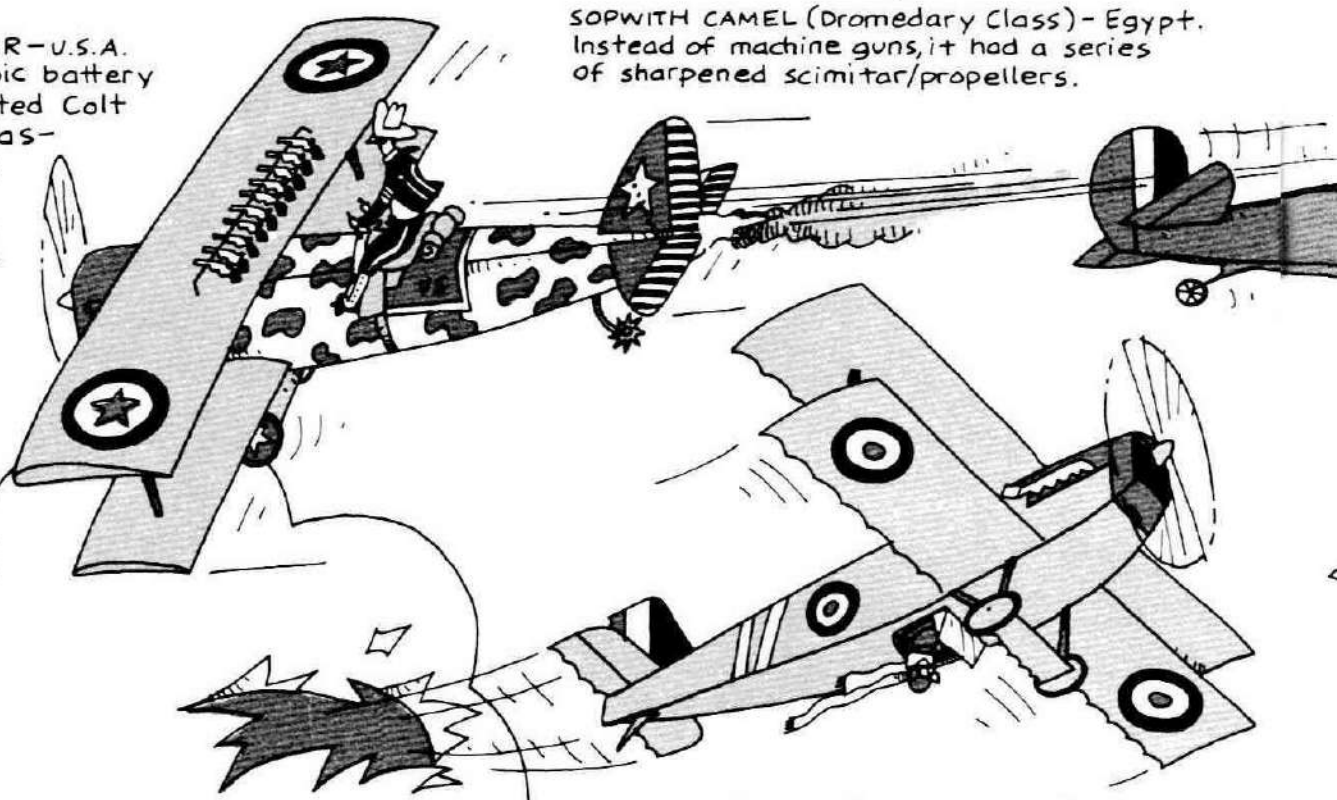
FOKKER FLUGGELSCHNITZELLUFTWAGEN-Germany. An eleventh hour attempt to build the fastest war plane in the sky, it was powered by 6 Mercedes automobile engines driving a single propeller. It failed for reasons seen here.



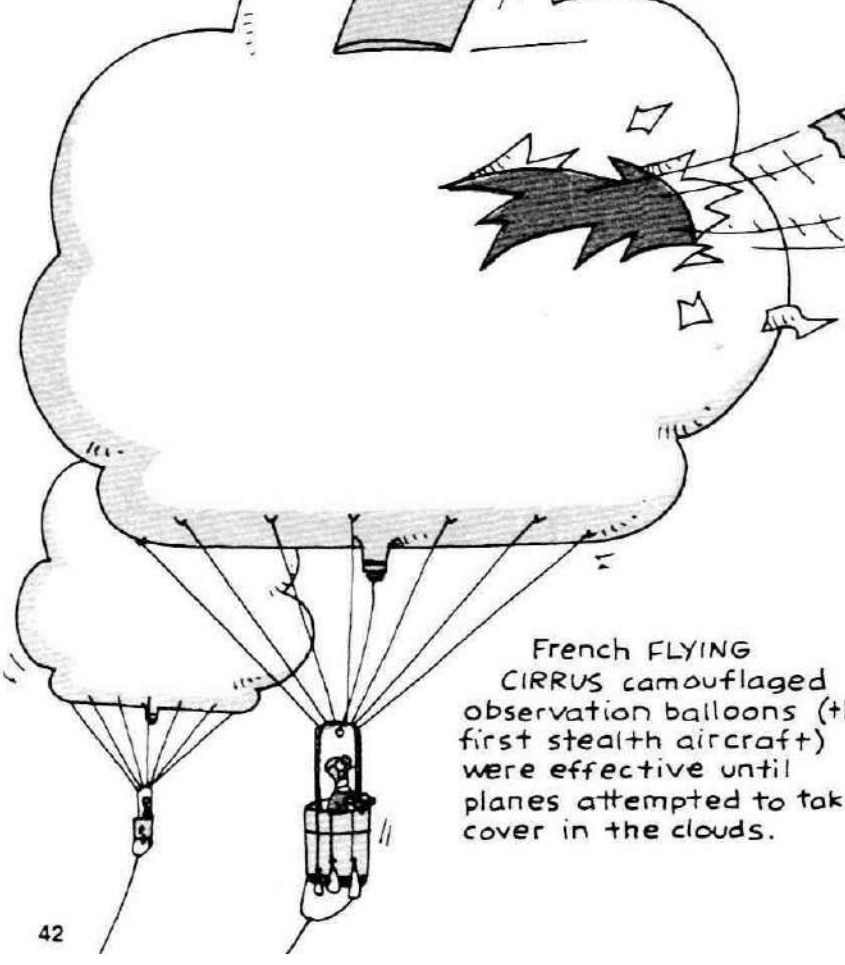
S.P.A.D. SINBAD – Saudi Arabia. A much-storied but seldom seen magic carpet-powered fighter plane.

SOPWITH CAMEL (Dromedary Class) – Egypt. Instead of machine guns, it had a series of sharpened scimitar/propellers.

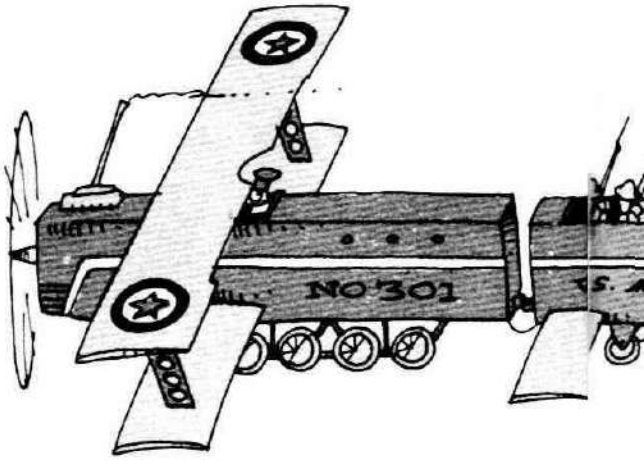
SHOOTING STAR – U.S.A. Despite a heroic battery of wing mounted Colt .45's, this Texas-designed and built plane was woefully undergunned.



BRISTOL "DOWN UNDER" – Australian fighter/scout.

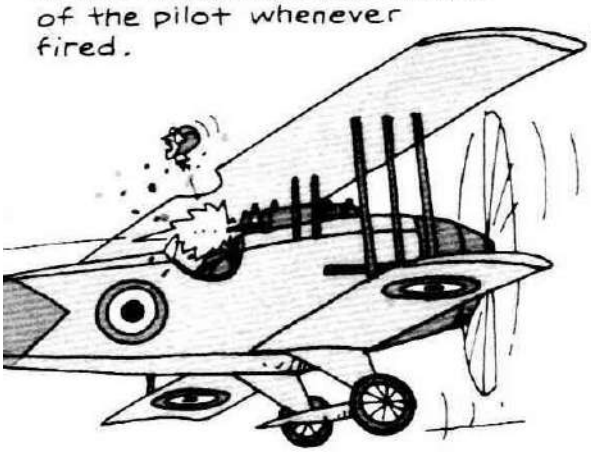


French FLYING CIRRUS camouflaged observation balloons (the first stealth aircraft) were effective until planes attempted to take cover in the clouds.

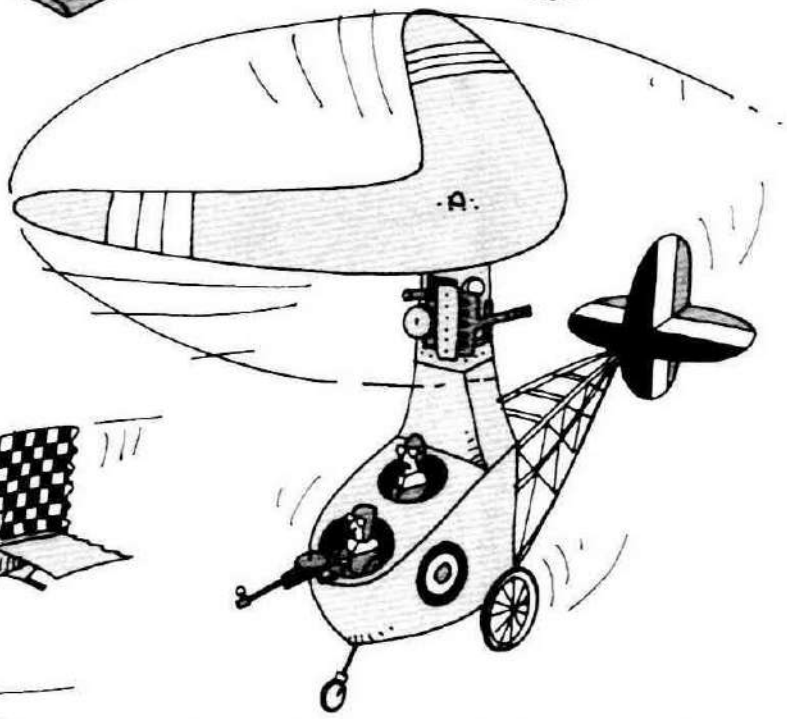


AIRPARTHEID TWO-SEATER
–Union of South Africa

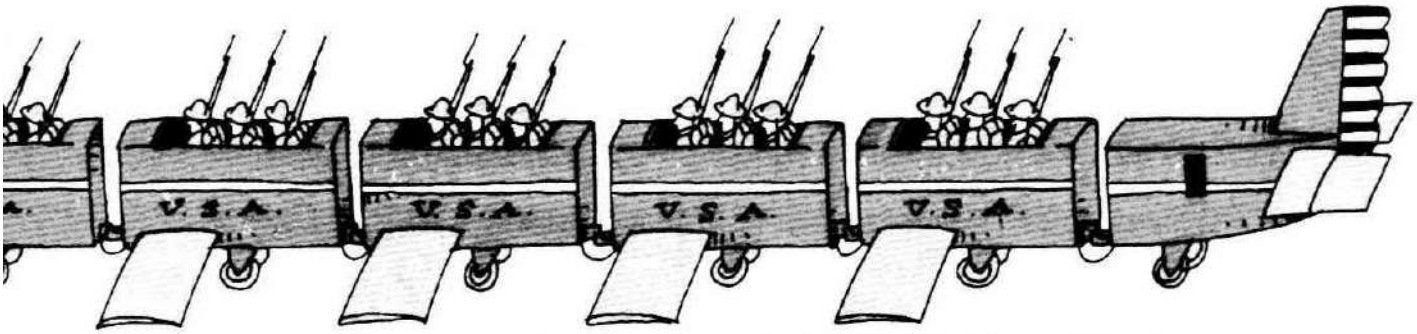
To fool the enemy into believing its forces were retreating, the Italians built this backward-flying CUSPIDORI (Translated as "Spits into the wind") Unfortunately, the machine guns mounted directly behind the pilot's head resulted in the instantaneous death of the pilot whenever fired.



FLYINSKY MONOPLANE – Poland
The mainstay of the Polish Air Cavalry.



BOOMACOPTER – Australia. One of the first and most ill-conceived military helicopters. It was based on a traditional Aboriginal flying device – the boomerang. It did fly, however ... in circles.



AEROTRAIN – U.S.A. This rather unique American troop transport plane was developed by the Pullman Coach Company.

Didja ever notice that most hit TV shows feature characters you wouldn't associate with? I mean **would** you invite **Roseanne** over for dinner? Or hang out with **Beavis and Butthead?** And look at the guys in **my** show...
There's Gorge Cantstandya, one of the all-time great losers. Gorge is 35 years-old and still living with his **parents**. I had courtside tickets for the **Knicks game** and he couldn't go--his father won't let him out on school nights. Gorge is **terminally unemployed**. No matter **what** Clinton promises, we can **never** have full employment in America because Gorge won't have a job.
And this is **Eloon Menace**, my ex-girlfriend. Usually when you break up, that's it, it's over. But not with Eloon. She practically **lives** in my apartment and **insists** on telling me what great **sex** she's having with her latest boyfriend. Hey, I have great sex **too**. I don't need **her**, I don't need **anybody**. I'm **master** of my domain.
And finally there's **Krummer**. I'm not sure if that's his **first** name or his **last**. Nobody knows what Krummer does for a living. I'm secretly jealous of him because he gets more laughs **opening a door** than I do with my **entire opening monologue!**
DISTANT RELATIVE OF KRAMER?
NIP
WALTER JAMES BROGAN

According to the producers of one of the most popular sitcoms on TV, the show is about nothing. Actually, it's about something—naughty body parts, sex and bodily functions. But mostly it's about how far they can push the envelope, which is why we call our version...

SIN-FILLED

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE ARTIST: WALTER BROGAN

Yeah, one for every **week** of the year! My mother won't do laundry until she gets a **dryer**. My nut-job father **refuses** to get her one because his **mother** never had a dryer.
You probably ripped your pants during the **farting contest.**
You guys had a **farting contest** and didn't invite **me?**
It's a known fact, girls don't fart.
That's right. Girls **"pass gas"**. But **fart? Never.**
How can you impugn my **flatulence?** I **dare** one of you to pull my finger. I'll show you an **unstoppable force**.
I'll never eat in this joint again!
Krummer, **don't** pull her finger!!
Oh my God, he did it!!
WHOOSHHH!
Out! And **stay out** before I lose all my customers. You creeps are **banned!**
You can't do that! It's **unconstitutional!**
Banned?! But I need a cup of your special blend of coffee every morning. It works better than an enema.
RESTAURANT
I can't believe my eyes.
Oh my God, it's a **police woman!** I'm going to be busted for **indecent exposure.** My father will take away my allowance.
I work for Kalvin Clein. We've been searching for somebody to model our new line of **clear** men's briefs and **you're** our man! You have **spectacular buns**—soft and smooth, yet definitely masculine.
Now that you mention it, I've **always** been **proud** of my buns.
How do you conduct a search for the perfect butt? Do you hang out in **locker rooms?**
"Hmm, your buns are **impressive** but not quite firm enough. These are **too hairy** — too **fat** — too **boney**."

Oh yeah, she's right! Gorge has been **sitting** on a fortune.
You've seen **one**, you've seen them **all**.
Here's my card. Give me a call and we'll set up a shoot.

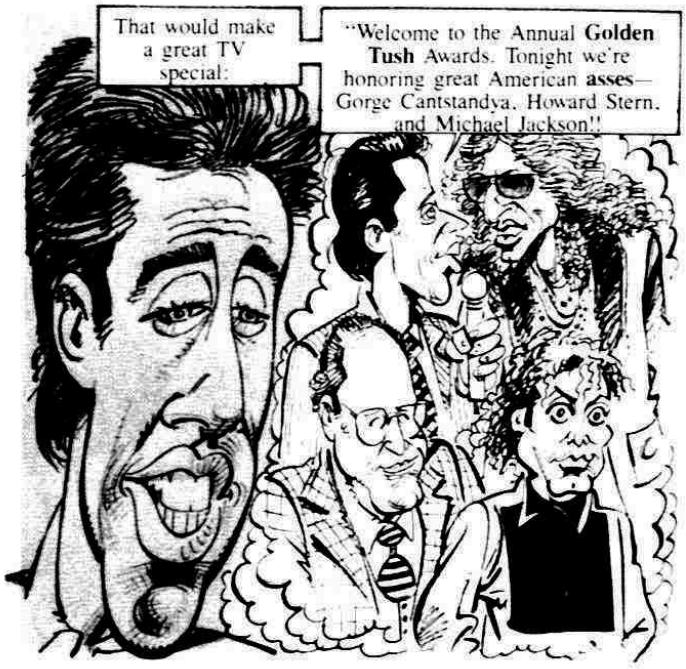
Gorgie, **relax**, sit down.
I can't sit down. I have a photo session this afternoon and I don't want my gluteus-maximus all **wrinkled.**
BING BONG
NO NEED TO SABOTAGE GEORGE!
THE GUY SABOTAGES HIMSELF

Hi, Jerky! Hi, Eloon! **Now**, what do you think of my Gorgie? I **always** knew he was special. I saved every one of his dirty diapers. I even had them **bronzed**. Wait, I'll show you.
The closets are **filled** with those bronzed diapers. There's no room for my **Lincoln head penny** collection.
You collect **Lincoln head pennies?** There are **38 billion** of them in circulation!
Trust me! Someday they're going to be valuable.

I **always** said Gorge had a **beautiful tush.**
I **never** heard you say that. Anyway, he's got my tush.
No, he's got my **father's** tush!! He's also got my Aunt Sophia's **hair**, my Uncle Morty's **toes**.
Will you two **stop** arguing, you're making my buns **tense up**.

Let's settle this **right now**. He's got **my** tush. You people be the judge.
Do we **have** to? I just ate.
I think we'd better be **running along.**
UGH!

So how did the shoot go?
I was **sensational**. My buns will probably end up in the **Hall of Fame**.
There's a Hall of Fame for **tushies?**


That would make a great TV special:
"Welcome to the Annual **Golden Tush** Awards. Tonight we're honoring great American **asses**—Gorge Cantstandya, Howard Stern, and Michael Jackson!!

Hello, Hugeman. Why **aren't** you delivering the mail?
It's **raining.**
So much for that "Neither wind, snow nor rain, nor gloom of night" bit!
Jerky, he's got a gun! A MAILMAN WITH A G-U-N!
DOUBLE CRUNCH CEREAL

Don't shoot, Hugeman! We appreciate the **strain** you mailmen are under, delivering Christmas cards and all that **junk-mail**.
Go shoot your **supervisor**, not innocent civilians.
I'm not going to shoot **anybody**. I'm going **hunting** with Krummer.

Man, talk about your **bum breaks**.
I guess Gorge's modeling career has **bottomed**-out.
OOOPS!
BAM!
YOOOWWW! OH NOOOO!
BLAM

I'm afraid you'll have **scars**, but **fortunately** the buckshot hit you in a place that won't show.
I'm **ruined**.
I don't understand.
In some cases a person's **face** is his fortune; in Gorge's case, it's a lot **lower down**.

This is **fantastic!** Ever since I was a kid I **loved** playing doctor. Whoa, I lost my cigar. I bet I sewed it **into** that patient when I performed a spleenectomy. I **wondered** why smoke was coming out of his ears.

Where's everybody?
Jerry met this great looking 17 year old candy striper, and Eloon left with a doctor who looks like **John Kennedy**. I get **wounded** and they turn the hospital into a **swinging singles** club.

So what happened with the teeny bopper?
Nothing happened. Her name is Lorena Bobbitt.
Not the Lorena Bobbitt?
No, but I can't date a person named Lorena Bobbitt. I took her to dinner and every time she used a knife to cut her sausage I felt my manhood threatened. I want to have a domain to be master over.
How did you get rid of her?
The old third knuckle never fails!
How about you and the doctor?
It's over. We went to KFC for lunch and he licked his fingers.
That's 'cause the chicken is finger lickin' good.
But he's a proctologist!!
Hey, guess what — I'm getting married.
You're kidding! Who's the lucky girl?
Me.
Oh, get outta here... you're both guys!
Not that there's anything wrong with that.
I think I'm in love for the first time in my life.
It's probably guilt because Gorge was disfigured in that shooting accident.
No, it's the real thing.
How about you, Gorge? God, I feel stupid asking this, but what the hell!? Do you love Krummer?
Not really, but anything is better than living with my parents. If I could move in with one of you, I'd call the whole thing off.
Well, if you really wanna —
Forget it! Come on, Krummer! Let's go look at wedding rings.
Quick, pull my finger!
NIP
CRACKED

THE CRACKED LIST

10 MOST UNPOPULAR TROPICAL ISLAND ACTIVITIES AT CLUB MED

WRITER: GREG GRABIANSKI ARTIST: MIKE RICIGLIANO

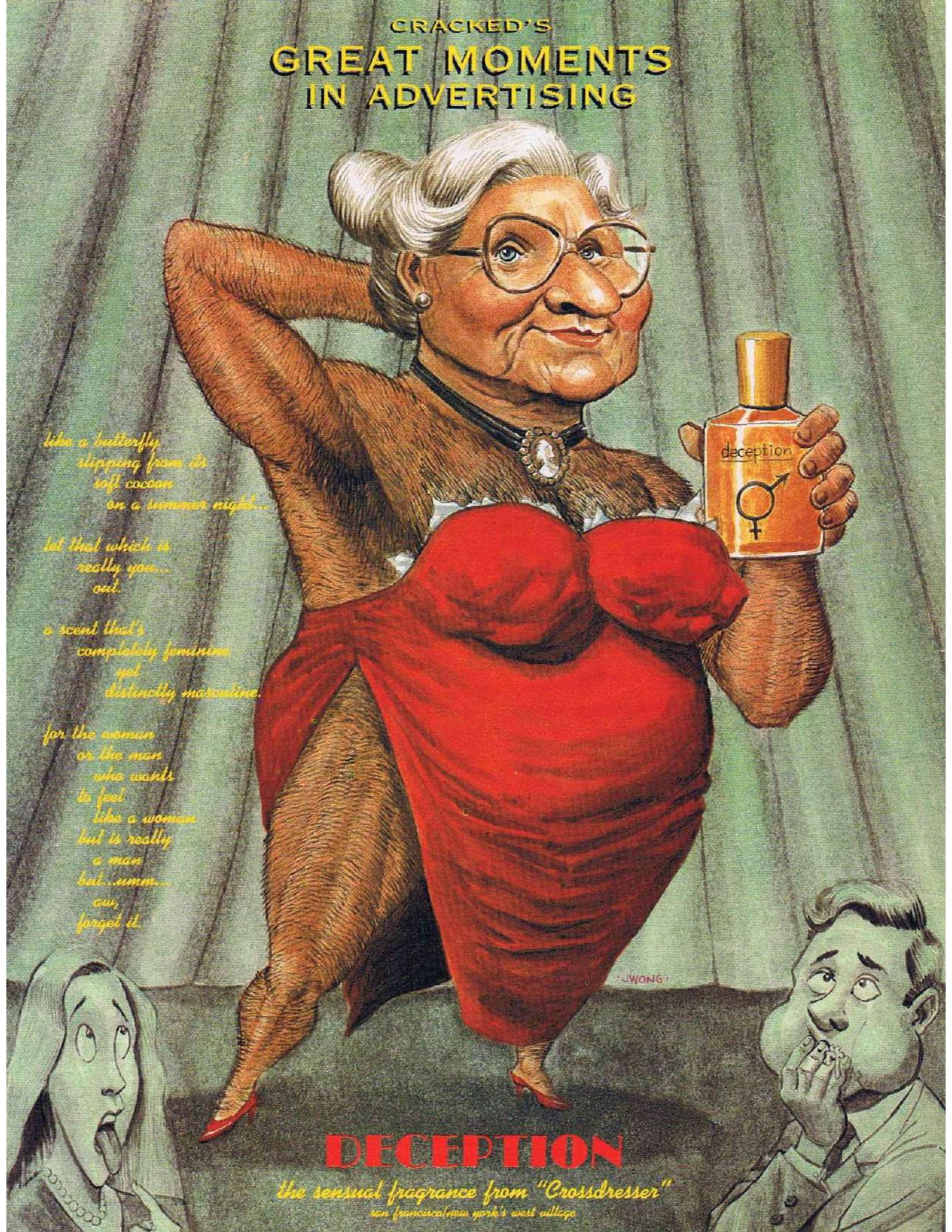
COMMEMORATIVE PLATE REJECTS

LITTLE ROBBIE TAKES HIS FIRST STEP

MARILYN MONROE'S FINAL MOMENTS

SUBSTITUTE TEACHER'S FIRST DAY

NATURE AT ITS BEST: THE MAJESTIC VULTURE


CRACKED'S
GREAT MOMENTS
IN ADVERTISING
like a butterfly
slipping from its
soft cocoon
on a summer night...
let that which is
really you...
out.
a scent that's
completely feminine
yet
distinctly masculine.
for the woman
or the man
who wants
to feel
like a woman
but is really
a man
but...umm...
aw,
forget it.
deception
J.WONG
DECEPTION
the sensual fragrance from "Crossdresser"
san francisco/new york's west village